"HALLOWEEN 666: THE ORIGIN"

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT

Torrential rain hammers this gloomy, RURAL road. No sign of life for miles. Until

A RED '73 CUTLASS

slices into view.

INT. CUTLASS - MOVING

DANA CHILDRESS, 22, blonde, fresh-faced, beautiful, negotiates the vehicle through the driving rain... Her windshield wipers are ineffective...

She appears slightly panicked, her eyes darting to the rearview every few seconds, as if she fears she's being followed...

Dana's GAS GAUGE has settled into the EMPTY zone...

Fiddling with the RADIO's AM dial, we hear the eerie chorus of "Mr. Sandman," when suddenly a portion of a SPECIAL BULLETIN cuts into the music --

RADIO (O.S.)
... an escaped serial killer, convicted of the brutal murders of 34 people, was last seen in the vicinity of--

But a CRACK of LIGHTNING and a CROAK of THUNDER and the broadcast is choked off...

Dana's eyes glance back into the rearview...

When, up ahead, like an oasis, there are shining fluorescent LIGHTS --

A GAS STATION -- !

Dana pulls into the ramshackle building, the attendant bell clanging her arrival --

No one appears for a few beats. And, as Dana is about to get out of the car,

A MAN

is by her window. He is creepy - long, rain-soaked hair, mottled skin, eyes aglow with the furies of the insane. He is clad in a blue jumpsuit, like those worn by both gas station attendants AND sanitarium patients!

MAN
What'll it be, sweet thing?

DANA
Uh, four dollars worth, please...

The man pumps the gas, leering at Dana all the while... Dana, unnerved, attempts to ignore him, plays with the radio.

Through a sea of crackling static:

RADIO (O.S.)
... the lunatic, who is described as a white male--

The signal vanishes once more. Dana looks up --

-- and gives a little start --

-- For the man's idiot grin is at her windshield. But he's only there to clean it... Windshield washer streaking across... The man's smile somehow obscene...

The man goes to wash the rear windshield...

But all at once, he's wielding his washer like a baseball bat and SWINGING IT into the car's side window -- !

Dana screams...

The man is smashing through the window, pummeling at the car...

Dana is certain she has stumbled upon the escaped maniac -- and he's posing as a gas station attendant!

Dana makes to flee the car, but the man's attack ceases --

For a KITCHEN KNIFE has CLEAVED him cleanly across the THROAT

The man stumbles backwards, blood boiling out of his gashed gullet --

He crumples to the wet ground. Dead.

Only then does Dana turn around to see, in her back seat,

MICHAEL MYERS,

who, it would seem, has been riding with her the whole time.

Myers' Halloween MASK shimmers in the rain, as he rises up, dark and furious --

And, as the dripping knife begins its malefic descent towards the screaming Dana, we

CUT TO:

DANA

jerked from sleep. Out of the nightmare.

Not in a Cutlass at all, but in

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's bathed in sweat, terrified... Her eyes search the room. Soft rain patters against her windows...

Dana looks at her alarm CLOCK - it is just after midnight...

Dana grabs an opened notebook and a pen, from her night table... Scribbles into the notebook...

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Dana is talking with DR. LESLIE WOOLF, 40ish, dark-haired, solicitous. Dr. Woolf has Dana's notebook on her lap.

DR. WOOLF
... and that's when you wake up?
Between midnight and one -- ?

DANA
Yes. Always --

DR. WOOLF
I see. And the nightmare is just as
vivid each time -- ?

DANA
It seems to be becoming even more so.

DR. WOOLF
These dreams you describe - their frequency and composition - may very well be rooted in deeper childhood wishes and fears. This is very common, in fact. Sometimes these dreams fulfill these wishes --

DANA
I have never wished to be attacked by a vicious serial killer, Dr. Woolf.

DR. WOOLF
Your obsession with Michael Myers is curious... It's always Myers -- ?

DANA
Always. I mean, if I'm going to have to have recurring dreams, why couldn't they involve Mel Gibson and a desert island?

DR. WOOLF
Those dreams can be just as traumatic upon waking, Dana. Trust me. I know.

She smiles warmly. Dana shrugs...

DANA
It's just like... He won't leave me alone --

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 6 OFFICES - CHICAGO

A local NBC affiliate. Dana sits in her office, drinking coffee and reading REUTERS. Something has caught her eye.

We briefly see the words HADDONFIELD and HALLOWEEN in the blurb.

ROBERT CLIFTON, early 40s, handsome and affable, in baggy linen suit and funky necktie, taps on her open door, slightly startling her...

CLIFTON
Sorry. Conference time. You ready to change the world?

DANA

Absolutely. And maybe we could start with that tie --

She follows him out, taking the Reuters with her --

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

A staff meeting. Seven or eight PEOPLE around a table with the tools of their trade - cigarettes, coffee and newspapers - scattered before them...

NED BRINKMAN, the balding and pudgy producer, presides...

BRINKMAN

We've got three Special Assignment slots for November. Let's see if we can't make 'em good ones... No more "Cooking Nonfat Brownies With Uncle Pete... " Okay?

CLIFTON

Sure. But who's gonna break it to Uncle Pete -- ?

A female reporter - MONICA - speaks up:

MONICA

There's a new cancer wing at Memorial that might be interesting. Some prominent specialists from Boston are working there --

BRINKMAN

Forget it. Worrying about cancer causes cancer spreads. No more friggin' cancer stories --

CLIFTON

Let's combine them: "The Nonfat Brownie As Carcinogen..."

BRINKMAN

(to Clifton)

Very funny. What've you got today? Move me, Geraldo --

CLIFTON

I thought you'd never ask. There's a doctor in Buffalo Grove that says he was practicing assisted suicides ten years <u>before</u> Kevorkian --

BRINKMAN
And, what, now he wants residual fees?

CLIFTON
It's a good piece --

BRINKMAN
Acch. Suicide, cancer... I want to be entertained --
(to Dana)
Dana? How about you? Save me from this morass of mediocrity --

They all turn to Dana... Clifton issues her a warm, supportive smile. She fumbles with her newspaper --

DANA
Uh, up in Haddonfield, they're celebrating Halloween for the first time since the last murders in 1989.

BRINKMAN
The Myers murders --

DANA
Right. But it's a story about recovery, I think. Last month's MONEY MAGAZINE listed Haddonfield as one of the most liveable town in America. But many residents are strongly opposed to the ruling to reinstate Halloween --

CLIFTON
Murder. Morality. Civic pride. A town haunted by its unspeakable past. Very gothic. Titillating without being tabloid... I like it...

MONICA
We know what you like --

Dana and Clifton ignore Monica's swipe... They are looking at Brinkman for a verdict...

BRINKMAN
Yeah. Okay. And you take it Dana.

DANA
Me, sir -- ?

BRINKMAN
Why not? Baptism by fire. Are you up to it -- ?

DANA
Y-yes... Of course --

CLIFTON
I could go with her, boss. Make sure things run smoothly. Seeing as how it's her virgin gig in the field --

MONICA
Nice word choice --

BRINKMAN
Sounds like a plan --

Dana is somewhat dazed at this unexpected assignment. Clifton winks at her --

BRINKMAN (CONT.)
And you might want to contact a Dr. Sam Loomis. He was Michael Myers' doctor when all hell broke loose in Haddonfield. Spent most of the last 30 years chasing Myers...

MONICA
Really? How'd you like to have that guys dreams. Ouch.

CUT TO:

A WHITE-ROBED FIGURE

wearing a whole-head DEER MASK...

Some kind of CEREMONY... We are in a CELTIC VILLAGE, circa 1000 BC --

INT. VIRTUAL REALITY COMPUTERIZED WORLD

Multi-colored, 3-D simulation via computer graphics. A riot of hues and shadows... A startling phantasmagoria --

The robed figure is brought to an ALTAR, festooned with BODY PARTS, MACES, SCEPTERS, ENTRAILS...

A HIGH PRIEST

presides... He holds a large, jewel-encrusted DAGGER...

He raises the dagger...

A FLASH OF LIGHT

And we SEE the WHITE ROBED FIGURE enter the ceremony hall again.. A virtual REPLAY of what we've just witnessed...

He's ushered down to the High Priest. And just as the dagger is raised...

Another FLASH.

And we're back to the scene's BEGINNING...

VOICE (O.S.)
Goddamitt -- !!

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC

The Virtual Reality USER curses again and dismantles his apparatus: the TACTILE-SENSOR-EQUIPPED GLOVES and HEAD-MOUNTED display...

A high-tech COMPUTER SYSTEM is hooked up to the Virtual Reality apparatus...

HACKER
Come on! Let me through... Let me through -- !

NEW ANGLE - FILTHY BOOTS

climb the dark STAIRWAY leading up to the attic...

THE HACKER

continues to ride the joystick... Work the toggle...

THE FILTHY BOOTS

approach the STEEL attic door... They open it...

SCREAMS -- !

The hacker howls in terror, ripping off his head-mount --

TOMMY DOYLE, 29,

tall, lean, wild-haired.

He turns to face the intruders --

TWO TEENAGERS, 17: MICKEY and BAD NEWS...

MICKEY
Hey, Trembling Tommy -- ! We scare you -- ?

BAD NEWS
Of course we scare him... He's always scared. That's why he's Trembling Tommy --

MICKEY
We're having a party tonight, Tom... Lots of chicks... We'd appreciate it if you'd just stay the hell up here... No start ranting and raving...

BAD NEWS
Like the 4th of July party... I'm this close to taking Kim Kreshkin into my room... Trembling Tommy starts going off about Michael Myers and the Gods of Harvest and then, bang!, Kimmy's too spooked to give up any play at all --

The two kids hoot and howl disappear back down the stairs...

Tommy watches them go... He drops his head-mount, frustrated.

WIDER

we take in most of the ATTIC APARTMENT... And it's a virtual SHRINE to Michael Myers lore and legend:

The walls are papered with clippings, photos, laminates relating to Myers, Haddonfield and Halloween...

Piles of books, papers, computer diskettes. Religious artifacts, talismans, totems... A true pack-rat's lair...

ANGLE - LAMINATE - from the HADDONFIELD LANDMARK, dated November 1, 1963 - the headline screaming TODDLER KILLS SISTER IN REAL-LIFE HALLOWEEN HORROR...

Tommy yanks the DISC out of his COMPUTER DRIVE - it's entitled SAMHAIN: IN SEARCH OF...

A NOISE FROM OUTSIDE

Tommy goes to the slatted window... Looks down:

FROM TOMMY'S P.O.V.

Mickey and Bad News are getting into a red PICK-UP TRUCK...

Bad News looks up at the attic...

BAD NEWS
Halloween's coming, Tommy! Wooo-ooo!

Bad News bellows horror-movie theme music...

Tommy turns back to his room.

Tommy glances at an old, yellowed PHOTOGRAPH of A YOUNG BOY and LAURIE STRODE (Jamie Lee Curtis' character from the first film). They are carving a pumpkin...

Tommy stares at the photo. Somewhat wistful...

And, in AMPLIFIED PRE-LAP, we hear:

TOMMY
(through megaphone)
... Annie Bracket... Robert Thornton... Linda Yannick...

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD - CENTER OF TOWN - PARK - DAY

A light drizzle makes the day brood...

Tommy Doyle is in the park, MEGAPHONE to his mouth...

TOMMY (CONT.)
(megaphoned)
... Jamie Lloyd... Emily Meeker... Brady Johnson...

A small CROWD has gathered, as Tommy continues to exhort the names....

TOMMY (CONT.)
(megaphoned)
... Allison Platt... Edward Younis... Stewart Fry... The victims! They cry out to you... From their graves... From a place of darkness... Do not allow Halloween to return to Haddonfield... It is an affront to their memories... They cry out to you... Stop the madness... Stop the horror...

A SHERIFF'S CAR pulls up... FLASHES its lights... Gives a BURP of SIREN...

SHERIFF NORV LITMAN

early 40s, cocksure... steps out of his vehicle...

He walks through the uneasy crowd...

Up to Tommy...

Litman snatches the megaphone out of Tommy's hands...

NORV LITMAN
That's enough, Tommy --

TOMMY
It's not enough... It won't be enough until you cancel Halloween...

NORV LITMAN
This is the fourth time this week, Tommy... I don't want to have to lock you up until November 1st...

TOMMY
Lock us all up... Lock the town up...

NORV LITMAN
The neighborhood weirdo shit is getting old, Tommy... Give it a rest, huh?

And with that Litman walks back to his cruiser... Tommy's megaphone in hand...

The crowd disperses...

Tommy shouts after Norv/the crowd...

TOMMY
You see -- ! You won't be able to hide! Not when he returns -- ! Not when he comes home -- !

But no one gives a shit... Show's over...

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S OFFICE - CHANNEL 6 - NIGHT

Dana is on the phone, listening... Spread out on the desk before her is a phone book, along with old newspapers, and books and articles pertaining to the Myers murders...

One of the hardcover books is the Time-Life edition on serial killers... Ted Bundy sneers from the cover...

DANA
(into phone)
... Uh-huh... So no one has heard from him in three years... Yes... You're certain he retired? Okay. Thanks very much for your time...

She hangs up, disappointed... She starts thumbing mindlessly through the Time-Life book...

We/she come across the grainy visages of Bundy, Dahmer, Ed Gein, Henry Lee Lucas, Gacy...

And then Michael Myers...

The first page features a grinning 6-year-old boy...

Dana turns the page --

-- to a SHOT of Michael with his signature MASK on...

Dana stares down at it.

The man of her dreams...

She shivers...

A shadow falls across her desk. Startles her.

But it's only Ed Brinkman... Raincoat and briefcase...

BRINKMAN
Walk you to your car -- ?

DANA

Sure --

EXT. CHANNEL 6 - PARKING LOT

Brinkman and Dana walk out...

DANA

I tried to reach Dr. Loomis in Smith's Grove. They said he retired...

BRINKMAN

Can't blame him for that. The question is why he waited so long. Loomis was Jack Ruby to Myers' Lee Harvey Oswald. The two will be linked for eternity. He certainly deserves a peaceful retirement...

DANA

There's nothing much on Michael Myers' parents. I was surprised...

BRINKMAN

Don't be. His folks skirted the press for years... Can't blame them either. After the shitstorm they went through. Nope. You're chasing ghosts on this one, Dana. It's frustrating... But that's half the fun --

He climbs into his car. Rolls down the window --

BRINKMAN

You'll be fine... See the promos -- ?

DANA

They're nice --

BRINKMAN

We're gonna run 'em like mad... Get you a big share for your coming-out party. Good night, kid --

DANA

Good night. And Mr. Brinkman -- ?

BRINKMAN

Yeah -- ?

DANA
Thanks --

He winks. And drives off...

Dana is alone in the silent parking lot.

A pair of scabby TOMCATS forage in the garbage cans nearby...

The CARBON ARC parking lot NIGHT-LIGHTS CRACKLE TO LIFE... Illuminating the lot...

... tossing a SHADOW on the wall by Dana...

The shadow of a tall FIGURE --

Dana jerks around. Terrified. And then sees that is is merely the shadow of a TRANSPONDER and ANTENNAE, which give the illusion of being man-like...

DANA
Get a grip girl --

It starts to rain. Dana gathers closed the collar of her coat... She gets into her car. A late-model Honda...

She glances in the backseat in what, we assume, has become a common practice...

DANA (CONT.)
Get a fuckin' grip --

CUT TO:

EXT. A CORNER TAVERN - NIGHT

Raucous MUSIC. High partying. A banner says: "The Night Before Halloween Halloween Party!"

And, indeed, through the glassfront window, we can see scores of costumed REVELERS, hoisting beers and dancing...

Out the front door,

FOUR FRAT GUYS

raw-boned and beer-drunk, walk out of the joint. They are dressed like DROOGS - the nihilistic street gang from Stanley Kubrick's A CLOCKWORK ORANGE - bowler hats, canes, suspenders, jack boots, jock-straps worn on the outside...

DROOG #1
Where to now -- ?

DROOG #2
How 'bout a little in-out, in-out?

They giggle and stagger on down the street...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

A swirling FOG blankets this filthy street in a bad section of town... Boarded up stores, graffiti-scrawled storefronts.

HOMELESS PEOPLE shuffle about listlessly, shivering, foisting out their change cups...

Our four drunk Droogs pass by

AN ALLEYWAY

A dumpster. RATS scurrying about. One of the Droogs notices something down the alley's murky length...

DROOG #2
Hold on, mates --

He walks into the alley... His friends follow --

They come to a SLEEPING FORM... A homeless MAN (though we don't see his face) sleeping on his bed of rubbish. Newspaper blanket, etc.

DROOG #2
Well, look what we have here?

DROOG #1
Anyone up for a bit of the old ultra-violence?

DROOG #3
Cool --

Droog #2 pokes a jack booted toe at the slumbering derelict. The derelict stirs. But sleeps on...

DROOG #1
What was the song they sung?

DROOG #2
I dunno. Something from WEST SIDE STORY?

DROOG #3
Noooo. It was "Singin' In the Rain!"

DROOG #1
Yes -- !

DROOG #2
Good call --

DROOG #1
(sings)
"I'm singin' in the rain --

And he lets loose with a furious KICK... Right into the bum's mid-section...

The bum lets out a groan...

DROOG #1 (CONT.)
-- just singin' in the rain --

WHUMP! Another kick. This time to the head...

Droog #2 joins in...

DROOG #2
What a glorious feeling --

BRUNKKK! A Cane to the head...

They are going to town on the bum...

Droog #4 doesn't like it...

DROOG #4
Come on, guys... That's enough --

But they ignore him...

DROOG #1
... I'm ha-apppy agai--

Droog #1's cane swing down for a skull shot...

But its downward arc is STOPPED...

By a GLOVED HAND...

Catching it in mid-air. The derelict's hand...

And the derelict RISES... Dark and shambling...

And we go into the familiar SUBJECTIVE P.O.V.

The derelict's P.O.V.

As the strange man snatches the cane from Droog #1's grasp...

And, wielding it like a spear, he DRIVES IT THROUGH Droog #1's throat. Pinning Droog #1 to the alley wall. Piked.

The derelict turns to Droog #2... Grabs him in a head-lock. With a single, brutal twitch, he SNAPS the punk's neck...

Droog #3 is horrified... Enraged...

DROOG #3
You killed them! You fuckin' killed them -- !

The derelict turns to him... And Droog #3 sees his face...

And it must be pretty horrible, because Droog #3 completely loses his shit...

Droog #4 is backing out of the alley --

DROOG #4
Let's get outta here, Peter -- !

But Droog #3 is frozen in fear...

A RAT

skitters by on the DUMPSTER...

The derelict plucks the greasy rodent from its perch...

DROOG #4
PETER -- !

The derelict holds the rat before Droog #3's face...

Droog #3 jaw drops. Mouth opened.

Perfect.

Because the derelict JAMS THE RAT into Droog #3's MOUTH... Forcing it into his throat, mashing it into his face... Crushing both the vermin and the victim...

Now the derelict turns to Droog #4...

But Droog #4 is tearing out of the alleyway. Urine stain spreading over his Droogie white pants and jock...

And now we HEAR the LABORED BREATHING...

And we realize just who the derelict is...

Our old friend.

Michael Myers.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dana walks down the shadowy hallway. She carries groceries.

She lets herself into an apartment with a key...

INT. APARTMENT

A TV is on. The room bathed in blue and white. The abundance of chintz tells us these are not Dana's digs.

Trinkets and bric-a-brac everywhere. Plasticine covers on the furniture. This is an old lady's pad --

Dana goes into the tiny kitchen. Begins to unpack the bundles. She shouts into the TV room...

DANA

It's me... I brought you some stuff. I brought you some cranberry juice. Some bread. Rice. And, since you've been a good girl, some white chocolate...

She brings it into the living room. To where her 84-year-old GRANDMOTHER - white-haired, cardigan sweater slung over bony shoulders - sits in an overstuffed easy-chair and watches "Wheel of Fortune."

We should also notice Grammy's MOLE - a dark brown knob, perhaps the size of a nickel - on the side of her nose...

Dana kisses the old lady on one dry cheek...

DANA (CONT.)

Want a piece?

GRAMMY

No thank-you...

Dana sits by her grandmother. Takes her hand. Grammy gestures to the TV, to Pat on "The Wheel."

GRAMMY (CONT.)
Mr. Pat Sajak. I tell you. He really does it for me --

DANA
Grammy -- !

GRAMMY
I'd like to buy him a vowel --

DANA
Are you purposely trying to be scandalous -- ?

GRAMMY
Oh, poo. You yourself could do with some scandalous behavior. You should do a lot less working and a lot more flirting and maybe you wouldn't have to spend all your nights sitting with an old lady...

DANA
I like sitting with you --

GRAMMY
What about the fellow at the station? Roger?

DANA
Robert.

GRAMMY
What about him?

DANA
I think he's too old --

GRAMMY
Don't think of it as old. Think of it as well-versed. Seasoned --

DANA
Yeah, well. We're just friends.

Dana notices something on the doo-dad-crowded bureau -

Dana walks over and picks it up... it's a FIGURINE - a bronze masked SOLDIER wielding a spear...

DANA
What's this?

GRAMMY
Nothing. Just another bauble. A gift from one of my gentleman callers

But Grammy seems a bit jazzed at Dana handling the thing...

GRAMMY
Put it down now and come over here --

Dana goes back to Grammy. She sighs and opens the bar of white chocolate. Nibbles a piece. Grammy shouts at the puzzle on The Wheel: "M D O N A NU " --

GRAMMY
Madison Avenue, you dodo -- !

ANGLE - The Figurine. Standing guard.

INT. GRAMMY'S APARTMENT - ELEVATOR

Dana waits for the old-fashioned cage-and-cable elevator...

When it stops at her floor, she slides open the door and steps in --

-- only to bump into Michael Myers -- !

His mask mocking her fear...

She shrieks...

But then we see that it is only a gaunt OLD MAN in a shabby suit...

OLD MAN
Did I spook you, love -- ?

CUT TO:

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER

A place right out of Dickens. 600 beds. All filled. The air is alive with a cacophony of retching and moaning sounds.

MEN spew gibberish and rock with DTs. Water, trickling into a drain, is stained with blood. One GUY passes out and falls forward, his head hitting the floor like a melon. He is ignored.

An old console TV, its vertical hold broken, broadcasts some mindless sitcom to an audience of filthy, sleeping men...

The familiar LABORED BREATHING announces an arrival...

NEW ANGLE

Michael Myers has entered the shelter. Homeless MEN nod to him and look away... He is a regular here...

Something on the TV catches his attention...

Myers goes to it, SHOVING a young RAGMAN out of the way...

ANGLE - TV. It is a Channel 6 promo... For the "Halloween in Haddonfield" spots...

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
... Halloween returns to Haddonfield, a town whose gaping wounds have finally healed. The question locals are asking is, what else will return <u>with</u> Halloween? All next week, join Channel 6's Dana Childress, for a 6-Team Special Assignment Report from Haddonfield...

ON SCREEN: Dana. Ann Taylor outfit. Looking smart and assured.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
... a town where "Fear Has A Homecoming... "

Michael's breathing increases...

The Ragman is back in his face...

RAGMAN
Whyn't you have some manners, pal -- ?

The Ragman shoves Michael. Michael takes the Ragman's hand and snaps his wrist like a week-old baguette...

Michael storms out of the shelter.

Leaving the Ragman to writhe on the floor...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Tommy Doyle is at the front desk, a BOX of chocolates in hand... The NURSE ON-DUTY sits before him...

TOMMY
Could you please tell me what floor Dr. Sam Loomis' office is on -- ?

The nurse gives him a funny look --

NURSE
"Office?" I never heard it called that before --

TOMMY
I'd like to see him, please --

NURSE
Then why don't you check with his "secretary?"

She cracks herself up. Tommy is confused...

TOMMY
I need to see the doctor --

NURSE
Don't we all -- ?

TOMMY
Tell me: is "smug" a job requirement around here?

The nurse looks at him. Cold. Scans a list.

NURSE
He's on the third floor of the Cox Wing. Room 345.

TOMMY
Thank-you...

Tommy heads for the elevators...

NURSE
(to herself)
Smug on that, sucker --

INT. ELEVATOR - COX WING - THIRD FLOOR

It dings open. Tommy steps out --

The corridors are dimly-lit... The banks of fluorescents wink on and off, casting Rorschach shadows on the walls...

The first thing we see is a bald, leering PATIENT, body-surfing on a hospital gurney, directly at Tommy/Us. His tongue lags down onto his chin...

Tommy passes ROOMS, doors open - various PATIENTS of all shapes and sizes, cavort about, dressed in stained hospital whites...

Lazy-eyed, grinning, acne-ridden, moaning...

The third floor is the MENTAL WARD. The badly-run mental ward. It is a hotbed of lunacy. SCREAMS ring out...

But, somehow worse than the screams is the GIGGLING. High, sweet, madman giggling...

Tommy comes up to

ROOM 345

and steps in. And there sits

DR. SAM LOOMIS, 71.

Withered and pale, he channel-surfs with his REMOTE CONTROL. Loomis wears the hospital shirt/pants UNIFORM of a patient --

Tommy knocks softly on his open door...

TOMMY
Dr. Loomis?

Loomis nods. Tommy enters, a little afraid --

TOMMY (CONT.)
I'm sorry to bother you, sir. I know it's late...

LOOMIS
Who are you?

TOMMY
I, uh, my name is Tommy Doyle, sir. From Haddonfield --

This perks Loomis up a bit... Worry in his eyes...

LOOMIS
I've suffered two heart attacks, young man. You don't want to assist on a hat trick, do you? Haddonfield?

From behind Tommy, in the hallway, an old sickly MAN shuffles along the corridor, an IV tree his only companion... The man chatters to an invisible enemy...

OLD MAN
Take that, MacGraw... ! Take that, you foolish fiend... Take that!

TOMMY
What are you doing in here?

LOOMIS
Odd isn't it? I spent nearly all of my life caring for the insane, only to join their ranks in the end...

TOMMY
What happened?

LOOMIS
Too many damned demons. This --
(taps his head)
-- become the site of too many damn coffee klatches for too many damn demons...
(beat)
Haddonfield, huh?

TOMMY
I - I was the little boy Laurie Strode saved 16 years ago tomorrow... Saved from Michael Myers...

At even the sound of his name, Loomis appears visibly discomfited...

LOOMIS
The little Doyle boy. You've grown. How ever did you find me?

TOMMY
Sheriff Meeker, sir --

LOOMIS
Of course. Ben has his own damn demons, doesn't he? Poor bastard's starting to sound an awful lot like _I_ used to --

TOMMY
Well, they're bringing Halloween back to town tomorrow night. I don't know if you've heard. They voted on it a couple of weeks ago..

A growling SNORE from Loomis' roommate interrupts us for a second...

TOMMY (CONT.)
I'm scared, Dr. Loomis. I mean, they never found the Lloyd girl... Or Michael's body. Five cops were blasted to pieces... What if it happens again?

LOOMIS
Time hasn't healed all your wounds, has it, Tommy? But the little Lloyd girl was the last one. The last living blood relative. Unless there's another sealed file out there somewhere - and God knows, the Myers family has more sealed files than the damned Warren Commission. Let that be a lesson to all those new family value types. Don't ever hide the truth from your children...

A banshee SCREECH from down the hall... Followed by an insistent CACKLING...

LOOMIS (CONT.)
A fellow could go insane in this joint --

TOMMY
I guess I'm still afraid of the Boogeyman. All these years later.

LOOMIS
Michael's not one of us, Tommy. Never was, never will be. I put a half-dozen bullets into him point blank... Yet still he rose...

TOMMY
I've been researching the Festival of Samhain, sir. The Feast of Life In Death. The Celtic New Year. Death of Summer. What became Halloween... I think it's somehow linked...

LOOMIS
The death of summer, indeed. Michael knows about Samhain... I've always believed that. But to what end?

TOMMY
Cursed bloodlines, that sort of thing

LOOMIS
It's mere mythology; I've gone that route a hundred times over. Michael kills on Halloween, thus the Samhain ceremony of All Hallowed Eve is to be blamed? If Michael carried out his insane depredations on Thanksgiving, who would we take to task then? The Pilgrims?

Loomis goes to an old shoebox... Takes something from it...

It is a FIGURINE. Like that in Dana's grandmother's flat. The bronze soldier with the spear...

LOOMIS (CONT.)
Perhaps you should take this --

TOMMY
What is it -- ?

LOOMIS
A talisman. A gris-gris. A charm. I don't know actually. I just know that I'm much more comfortable when I'm in it's presence... And I think you may be as well...

TOMMY
You could come with me. To town. Just for tomorrow --

LOOMIS
I'm tired, son. Devoting my life to the darkness has placed a shroud on my soul. A shadow. You're on your way there as well. You're a young man. Go out and buy some blue jeans. Meet a girl. Dance on the beach. Put all this behind you --

Beat.

TOMMY
I can't do that, sir.

Beat. Loomis nods.

LOOMIS
I know you can't, son.

Beat. They stare at each other through the gloom --

LOOMIS (CONT.)
I'd like to help you. Really, I would. But the cudgel is just too damned heavy for this old man. It needs younger bones to heft it --

He offers Tommy a regretful smile...

Tommy looks afraid. Very afraid.

And from down the hall, the madmen SHRIEK...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWS 6 VAN - MOVING - HIGHWAY - DAY

The van's driver, ANDY, pudgy and bespectacled, keeps her at a nice legal 55...

INT. REAR OF THE VAN

The front of the van is separated from the rear by a WALL of ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT...

In the rear with the gear, are Dana, Robert Clifton, TONY, the gonzo sound guy, and BLAKE, the wise-ass cameraman...

Dana is poring over a MAP of Haddonfield and scribbling notes onto a clipboard... She is dressed in a smart sweater and skirt...

CLIFTON
Nervous -- ?

DANA
A little, yeah --

CLIFTON
You tell your Grandmother about the assignment?

DANA
I didn't want to worry her...

Tony is perusing Dana's literature on Michael --

TONY
If anyone was an argument for the death penalty, you got to figure it was this guy --

BLAKE
I'd still like to see Arsenio Hall go first...

He pops a TAPE into a VIDEO PLAYER --

BLAKE (CONT.)
Check this shit out --

He pops a TAPE into a VIDEO PLAYER...

ANGLE - THE MONITOR - On it we see a reconstitutded two-dimensional IMAGE of a BRAIN cross-section...

TONY
What is that -- ?

BLAKE
A CAT-scan. That's a brain... But not just any brain...

CLIFTON
Who's brain -- ?

Dana snatches the notes from Blake...

DANA
It's Michael Myers' brain... Blake, stop fooling around --

BLAKE
Oh, I'm sorry. I don't mean to make fun of the whacko --

Tony studies the images on the monitor...

TONY
What am I seeing -- ?

Color is added to the image... Highlighting tissue density...

DANA
Not much. The CAT-scans never revealed anything - no brain damage or hormonal imbalances. No genetic irregularities at all.

The CAT-scan builds sections, until the brain appears almost three-dimensional...

BLAKE
Yet he kills at least 44 people along the way. A world record. No genetic imbalances... Just a garden variety nutcase --

ANGLE - The CAT-scan... Michael's BRAIN... Innocuous-looking enough..

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANNEL 6 VAN - MOVING

The van takes it right on into Haddonfield proper --

Passing a SIGN that reads: WELCOME TO HADDONFIELD. HOME OF THE HUSKERS. 'Though someone has scribbled over HUSKERS in red paint and scrawled the words MICHAEL MYERS...

A MAN is scrubbing off the graffiti with a large sponge.

The van pulls into HARDY'S, a small Mom & Pop store with a dirt parking lot...

Dana and the crew enter

INT. HARDY'S

Typical sundry shop... An impressive array of beef jerky in plastic decanters... A sign says: "MOM'S BURIED BUT WE'VE GOT POP ON ICE" before a tub of sodas...

HARDY LOMAX, 64, the balding proprietor - all ear and nostril whiskers, is servicing a few last minute Halloween SHOPPERS.

Behind the counter, another SIGN says: SHOP 'N CHOP - OFFICIAL HALLOWEEN PROPERTIES...

CLIFTON
This kook looks like he could give us some killer sound bites, Dana. Comeon, Blake --

Clifton exits, taking Blake with him. Dana trains her eyes on the rubber (MICHAEL MYERS) MASKS displayed behind the counter...

There's various Halloween MEMORABILIA: plastic butcher knives, maps, videotapes, books, FANGORIA magazines and blood-spattered t-shirts bearing the legend "I SPENT HALLOWEEN IN HADDONFIELD AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT. AND THIS SLASHED CAROTID!!"

Also, we should note the three EVIL MASKS featured in HALLOWEEN 3 - the PUMPKIN, WITCH, and SKULL...

Clifton returns with a microphone and Blake has his camera.

DANA
Excuse me, sir. I'm Dana Childress from Channel 6, Chicago --

Lomax shakes her hand. Nodding to the camera --

HARDY LOMAX
Hardy Lomax... Owner/operator - Lomax' Route 15...

Hardy, excited at the sudden attention, folds down the few remaining wisps of his hair.

DANA
We're in town today for a feature on Haddonfield and its controversial decision to celebrate Halloween after the 5-year respite. Sir, can you tell us what you are selling behind the counter there?

Lomax chuckles and moves back to where all his Halloween merchandise is...

HARDY LOMAX
You want it, I got it. Take a good look-see. It's all here, 'cept for the body parts --

Sniggering, he pulls down a Myers mask and foists it directly towards the camera...

HARDY LOMAX (CONT.)
These babies here, they're selling like the devil. Some of the uptights in town are all sore about it, but what the hell? Never been a lousy rubber mask that got anybody into trouble, has there

DANA
Are you a resident of Haddonfield, sir?

HARDY LOMAX
32 years now. I've seen it all and done most of it... We got these too --

He takes out a package of SERIAL KILLER CARDS - The Michael Myers one is a cheesy rendering of Michael carving up a human head like a pumpkin...

HARDY LOMAX (CONT.)
A <u>mint</u> Myers is worth just as much as an '87 Bundy or a '92 Jeffrey Dahmer... Who needs Mickey Mantle's Rookie Card, anyway -- ?

Lomax chortles into his fist, which soon turns into an ugly COUGH. So Hardy fires up a filterless Lucky...

DANA
Very interesting, sir --

Lomax picks up a PLASTIC KNIFE...

HARDY LOMAX (CONT.)
We got these here fake knives, too... So's you can stab your buddies without hurtin' 'em --

He demonstrates on a CANTALOUPE... Only the knife is QUITE REAL... An it slices cleanly through the fruit...

Lomax is shocked --

HARDY LOMAX (CONT.)
That's weird --

BLAKE
Maybe it needs new batteries --

Dana gives Blake a "shut your hole" look --

Lomax sticks the knife under the counter, out of harm's way.

DANA
How do you feel about the town bringing back a holiday that's associated with so many deadly memories? Memories of Michael Myers?

Lomax snickers...

HARDY LOMAX
I'm too old to be believing in ghosts, honey. No offense or nothin'. But when you get to be my age, there's only two things that scare you: the morning movement and misplacing the TV GUIDE.

He opens the cash register... Takes out several bills - a twenty, a five, a ten...

HARDY LOMAX
Nope. The only ghosts I believe in, doll, are the ghosts of Andrew Jackson, Abe Lincoln, Alexander Hamilton...

He chuckles and waves the paper money at them...

Dana finds the old coot a bit unsettling...

DANA
Thank-you for your time, Mr. Lomax.

HARDY LOMAX
Okee-doke. And Happy Halloween --

EXT. HARDY'S

The crew pile back into the van...

CLIFTON
There's your first Haddonfield resident who's truly "recovered," wouldn't you say?

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - HADDONFIELD CENTER - DAY

Throngs of giddy YOUNGSTERS and their PARENTS form long lines at the registers, toting costumes and candy...

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE

Across the street, Sheriff Litman stands by his cruiser with our old friend BEN MEEKER, 59, former Sheriff of Haddonfield.

They watch as hordes of kids and their folks exit the big store and trundle out to waiting Volvos, Saabs, Beemers...

BEN MEEKER
It scares me just watching 'em, Norv. Most of 'em don't know Michael Myers from Michael Jordan --

NORV LITMAN
But their parents know they've <u>both</u> retired, Ben. You should've gotten your worried ass on the Board of Selectmen. A vote's a vote.

BEN MEEKER
How many members of that board lost children to Michael Myers? Answer me that.

NORV LITMAN
True. But most who did left town long ago. You didn't. I know how you must feel, Ben, but it's a dead issue...

Meeker glances at him. Unfortunate choice of words... They watch the kids, giddy with trick-or-treat anticipation...

NORV LITMAN (CONT.)
Look at 'em... They're bustin' out. That's what this is about, Ben. It's about kids... It's for the kids...

BEN MEEKER

Tell that to the little Lloyd girl. She's still doing the milk carton circuit and we're shoving Halloween down everyone's throat...

We see the Channel 6 News VAN pass them...

Litman gets into his cruiser...

NORV LITMAN

It's all in the past now, Ben --

BEN MEEKER

Says you --

Litman shakes his head and drives off... Meeker walks toward Town Hall...

EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY

A small gathering of PROTESTERS - most of them middle-aged - mill about in front of Town Hall, carrying signs and placards decrying the reinstatement of Halloween...

The signs: "LET US PRAY FOR THE VICTIMS" "DON'T LIFT THIS BAN, TOO!" "DEATH LIVES IN HADDONFIELD" "HADDONFIELD'S FAVORITE SON - A KILLER?" "EXECUTE JUSTICE NOT PEOPLE"

Dana and the crew set up a shot in the foreground of the protest....

NEW ANGLE - From a SUBJECTIVE P.O.V. someone is watching Dana...

The observer moves closer... Closer...

DANA

In Haddonfield, 31 years ago tonight, Michael Myers scarred the face of Halloween forever. But three decades after the trick-or-treating turned afoul, and five years after Myers' last murderous visit, this affluent town of 21,000 is reborn again. And tonight, after a five year Halloween hiatus, the trick-or-treating will begin anew, courtesy of a Town Council ruling. But, as you can see behind me, not everyone thinks this is a very good idea --

QUICK SHOTS OF INTERVIEWS:

HEAVYSET WOMAN
My son Brady was killed 5 years ago tonight. Out of respect for him and the others, the ban should remain in effect.

CUT TO:

WOMAN WITH CHILD
Our house will be off-limits for trick-or-treaters. Some of us have decided to burn candles in the windows in memorial... Five years isn't five hundred years...

CUT TO:

MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE
It's these new folks come to town, with their BMWs and their car phones and their suspenders. They don't know what they're doing... What they're summoning --

CUT TO:

OLD MAN
Halloween, shmalloween. It's all about candy sales...

CUT TO:

BAD NEWS
It's like "get a life, huh?" Grown men and women afraid of ghosts? Maybe Myers is gonna bring Bigfoot, Nessie and Elvis with him... Now that'd be rockin' --

Our SUBJECTIVE P.O.V. of Dana is now inches from her --

She turns, colliding into

TOMMY DOYLE

sending the stacks of books he carries to the ground...

DANA
Oh, excuse me. I'm sorry --

Dana bends to help him gather his books. She notices their TITLES - books about cultural mythology, the occult, Celtic ritual...

TOMMY
You should be careful not to get too close to your story here. Shit happens in Haddonfield. I've seen it.

Dana nods. And walks away... Tommy follows her... Grabs her shoulder...

TOMMY (CONT.)
I'm Tommy Doyle. I'm the oldest survivor of Michael Myers. I knew he was the Boogeyman then. Nothing has happened since to make me believe otherwise...

DANA
You want to be on TV? I can arrange that --

TOMMY
That's not it... I just want to live to see tomorrow --

Dana regards him. His eyes frightened... But then Clifton is there --

CLIFTON
Problem, Dana -- ?

Dana looks at Tommy. There's an earnestness there, behind the panic...

DANA
No. Thanks, Robert --

A DISTURBANCE NEARBY

It is FATHER CARPENTER (the priest from HALLOWEEN 4), and he's ranting from the steps of Town Hall --

FATHER CARPENTER
Damnation knows no vacation! Is it safe to babysit in Haddonfield again? Think again -- !

He leers his toothless grin... Playing for Blake's camera

FATHER CARPENTER (CONT.)
But you can't fight city hall -- !

He turns. And he's looking right at Dana... Rheumy eyes boring into her --

FATHER CARPENTER (CONT.)
Been dreaming lately, sweet thing?
They come true this time of year --

Ben Meeker and a few other TOWNFOLK hustle the crazy old man away...

CLIFTON
Old creep thought he knew you --

Dana is shaken up... Clifton takes her hand...

DANA
I hate this town --

She looks around for Tommy Doyle...

But he is gone.

CLIFTON
We've got what we need here. Meeker gave me some names of some of the older survivors. We'll go talk to them...

The crew head back for the van...

DANA
Does the name Tommy Doyle mean anything to you?

CLIFTON
Nope. Who's that?

DANA
I don't know --

Dana climbs into the front of the van... The rest of them in the back. Andy drives off...

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREET - DUSK

A residential neighborhood.

A YOUNG GIRL, 11, wheels her INFANT sibling in a BABY CARRIAGE, up the sidewalk fronting her house.

Suddenly, the carriage SLAMS into a pair of LEGS...

Muddy BOOTS wedge the carriage's WHEELS...

The infant cries...

The young girl stares up at MICHAEL (whose face we still don't see). Transfixed...

YOUNG GIRL
Excuse me --

She looks at his face... Blinks...

YOUNG GIRL (CONT.)
Are you okay -- ?

Nothing from Michael.

The young girl, a little scared now, guides the carriage out of the way...

She wheels it further down the sidewalk...

She turns to look back to where he stood..

Only he is gone...

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD CEMETERY - NIGHT

Mickey and Bad News, Tommy's housemates, pull up to the outskirts of the cemetery in their red pick-up...

With them is WENDY, a 17-year-old blond all attitude and ripped jeans...

They are killing the rest of a joint, cranking the new Scorpions tape...

WENDY
This is like so creepy here --

MICKEY
Never got stoned in a graveyard before? Works every time --

Mickey backs the truck up...

The pick-up's bed is equipped with an ELECTRIC CABLE WINCH...

Bad News leaps from the truck and takes one end of the steel-reinforced winch-cable, bringing it over to a

HEADSTONE

cold blue granite... Bad News secures the cable around the headstone, cinching tight the metal clasp...

WENDY
This is so wrong --

MICKEY
The key to a good bash is decorations. Balloons and streamers just don't cut it on Halloween --

BAD NEWS
Kick it, bro -- !

Mickey hits the winch-toggle. With a whirr and a hum, the spool rotates, the cord pulled taut...

And the headstone is LIFTED from the grave...

Bad News steadies the marker, as it is yanked aloft --

Mickey lowers the winch, lowers the headstone...

It settles heavily into the pick-up's bed...

Mickey and Bad News high-five... Wendy frowns...

WENDY
You guys are seriously twisted --

They pile back into the pick-up...

ANGLE: THE HEADSTONE.

And we get our first look at its INSCRIPTION:

It is JUDITH MYERS' HEADSTONE --

The pick-up tears off, spraying sod... The kids laugh...

Leaving the GAPING HOLE where the gravestone had been planted

We MOVE TO THE MAW and, perhaps faintly, we can HEAR the SOUNDS.

The sounds of a LEGION. The sounds of the damned.

And a TEARING SOUND... A FISSURE FORMING...

SEVERAL SHAFTS OF LIGHT SPIROCHETTE FROM THE HOLE...

But before we have time to even consider this. We've

CUT TO:

INT. HARDY'S - NIGHT

Lomax is closing up for the night. Cashing out...

Most of the lights have been turned off...

The door BELL rings, signaling the arrival of a customer, and Lomax shakes his head at the late patron...

HARDY LOMAX
We're closed, Mister. Sorry...

Cue the HEAVY BREATHING. Uh-oh.

HANDS reach out for a display of BARBECUE ACCOUTREMENTS.

A long twin-tined barbecue FORK is selected...

Lomax watches as the stranger approaches...

HARDY LOMAX (CONT.)
Which word didn't you understand, fat-ass? "Closed?" "Mister?" Or "Sorry?" Cos I'm withdrawin' the "Sorry."

Michael is at the counter...

Lomax picks up a stone PAPER WEIGHT next to the register --

Michael grabs Lomax with one mighty arm...

With the other, he IMPALES the long BARBECUE FORK all the way THROUGH THE BACK of Lomax's HEAD, and out his MOUTH --

Where it harpoons and extrudes Lomax's dripping DENTURES --

Lomax drops like a homesick brick.

Michael looks at the MASK DISPLAY...

He picks up a FREDDY KRUEGER MASK...

Casts it aside.

Picks up a JASON MASK...

Casts it aside.

At last, he pulls down one of the signature "Michael Masks."

He tears off the price tag and puts it on...

He turns to us...

The fit is still good after all these years...

Michael ambles out of the store...

Party time...

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 6 VAN - MOVING

Dana sits with Andy...

As the van cruises through Haddonfield, Dana takes in its pretty tree-lined streets... Healthy lawns, nice cars, white picket fences...

Carved Jack-O'Lanterns grin their rictus grins on the front steps of most of the homes...

ANDY
Norman Rockwell himself would've found this town a snooze --

Dana ignores him... Watching the sights...

ANDY
I used to love Halloween myself. I'd trick-or-treat till my ankles were swollen.... Then go home and watch old horror flicks with my brother. NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. You ever see that one, Dana? A classic.

DANA
I missed it --

ANDY
Were they better off in the basement or the upstairs... the quintessential horror movie question...

DANA
And maybe a metaphor for something even larger, don't you think?

Andy looks at her, puzzled. He frowns...

ANDY
Uh. I dunno --

Dana smiles.

DANA
So? What was the answer?

ANDY
What was the question?

DANA
Were they better off in the basement or the upstairs?

ANDY
They were better off dead --

Andy laughs... But then he SLAMS ON THE BRAKES...

For the crazed PRIEST - FATHER CARPENTER has stepped out in the middle of the street, into the van's path...

The old fellow stares at them, eyes bright, as he walks by...

FATHER CARPENTER
Trick or treee-aaatttt... !

Andy drives off...

ANDY
Dumb prick --

DANA
I really hate this town...

CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Tommy comes into the house...

Mickey and Bad News are hanging decorations... Crepe PUMPKINS... Paper witches... Balloon goblins...

Tommy stops short... He sees

THE HEADSTONE

The Judith Myers headstone... Propped high up against one wall (not unlike it appeared over P.J. Soles' head in the first HALLOWEEN)... The most garish decoration of all...

TOMMY
What are you guys doing?

BAD NEWS
What?

TOMMY
What's that doing here -- ?

MICKEY
Decoration, man... Isn't it the tits?

TOMMY
Put it back --

MICKEY
Blow me --

TOMMY
Put it back...

BAD NEWS
Yo, Trembling Tommy - go back up to your hovel and do what you do best:
(mimes masturbatory gestures)
Yank the crank --

MICKEY
Pull the chain --

BAD NEWS
Shoot pudding at the moon --

MICKEY
Make the bald man puke --

Tommy takes one last frightened glance at the headstone and makes for his attic...

Mickey and Bad News' taunts follow him...

BAD NEWS (O.S.)
Kill some babies --

MICKEY (O.S.)
Beat the bishop --

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE

A gross, incongruous eyesore. Overgrown lawn. Crabgrass. Frost-heaved flagstones. Peeled paint the pallor of a dying man's skin...

The van pulls up in front...

ANDY
Here we are. The Myers house. Home of the free and de-praved...

Dana regards the wicked domicile. She shivers reflexively.

DANA
Lovely...

INT. MYERS HOUSE

A rotting, vile place. Festering plaster. We can practically smell the rat droppings. The mildew. The rank.

The crew enters...

They begin to set up shop...

ANGLE - SUBJECTIVE P.O.V.

Someone is watching them...

And he's coming closer...

The sagging floorboards CREAK --

A HAND reaches out for Dana --

Startling her...

NEW ANGLE - It is only BEN MEEKER...

his service revolver in hand...

DANA
Mr. Meeker -- ?

BEN MEEKER
Hullo.

CLIFTON
What are you doing here?

BEN MEEKER
Standing guard. Keeping the watch. I do it every year. Just in case he returns...

He goes to one boarded-up window and watches as Halloween PASSERSBY make their rounds...

Meeker looks and sounds absolutely haunted. The crew look at each other. Chilled.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF HADDONFIELD - SAME

The trick-or-treating has commenced in full now...

And many of the youths are sporting Michael Myers masks...

PARENTS are accompanying their CHILDREN, mostly fathers...

Per Halloween etiquette, the fathers wait on the sidewalks bordering the houses while their kids gather in candy at the front doors...

We see ONE of the Yuppie fathers talking on a FLIP-PHONE, as his child sidles up to a house...

FATHER
(into phone)
Hey, hon... Yeah, it's going fine... Sure...

A few HOUSES on the street have CANDLES burning in their windows... The Vigil... Trick-or-treaters ignore these homes respectfully, and walk on...

Some pass the Channel 6 van. Parked outside the MYERS HOME...

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOME

Ben Meeker is talking into Blake's camera...

BEN MEEKER
I lost my daughter to Michael Myers. Five years ago tonight. My wife and I... We've got to subject ourselves to all these little kids running around town in his mask, for God's sake. It's like being stabbed in the back for a second time --

Blake turns off the camera...

DANA
That was fine, Mr. Meeker. Thank you. And I'm sorry --

Meeker nods...

EXT. MYERS HOUSE

Blake and Tony load some of their gear into the van...

Andy sits up front, reading a Lovecraft paperback...

BLAKE
I think I would rather murder my sister than live in a dump like this...

Some TRICK-OR-TREATERS caper by, waving at the crew...

Wearing Michael Myers masks...

TONY
Where to now -- ?

BLAKE
Give you a clue: a creepy place full of a lot of dead guys --

TONY
Great! We're going to my father's poker night --

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD CEMETERY - NIGHT

Dark and silent. The empty space where Judith Myers' marker stood smiles like the black mouth of doom...

WE MOVE ACROSS the stones and crucifixes, eternity's sentinels... AND MOVE TO THE

CARETAKER'S HOUSE

at the outskirts of the boneyard...

INT. CARETAKERS'S HOUSE

GEORGE HOPKINS, 47, overweight, watches from a window, as the

CHANNEL 6 VAN

pulls up to Judith Myers' gravesite

Hopkins opens a drawer and removes his REVOLVER, sticking it beneath his belt...

INT. CARETAKER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

BEVERLY HOPKINS, 43, is putting potatoes into a FOOD PROCESSOR, doing a little russet origami...

The doorbell RINGS...

INT. HALLWAY OF THE HOUSE

Hopkins services the ghoulishly-clad YOUNGSTERS from the big BOWL of CANDY resting beside the front door...

HOPKINS
Bev, I'm goin' out for a sec. I think we've got some real-life hobgoblins in the yard.

EXT. CARETAKER'S HOUSE

Hopkins exits his house...

After he's gone,

We take the SUBJECTIVE P.O.V. From the side of the caretaker's house --

We watch as the TV crew climb out of the van and head into the cemetery...

And George Hopkins marches toward them...

And then --

MICHAEL MYERS

steps out from the shadows of the Hopkins home...

INT. CEMETERY

They are trekking for Judith Myers' grave... Clifton has a map that divides the cemetery into sectors...

DANA
Robert, I don't think this is really necessary...

BLAKE
Come on, Dana... This is too cool for school -- !

DANA
This is tabloid territory. Blake, is what it is. If it were up to you, we'd be filming re-enactments of the murders.

BLAKE
That's what the people want to see. I'm just one of the people --

CLIFTON
It won't take 5 minutes, Dana. We don't have to use it. It's still early. How many of his victims are buried here, anyway?

DANA
Six.

And counting...

CUT TO:

INT. CARETAKER'S HOUSE

The DOORBELL RINGS. Bev goes to answer it...

She opens the door. Michael looms there... Large and lethal.

BEVERLY
You're a little old for this kind of thing, ain't you, fella -- ?

Michael enters the house --

BEVERLY (CONT.)
Excuse me... Hey -- !

Michael kicks over the bowl of candy...

He bends down to pick-up an economy-sized

SUGAR DADDY

from the scattered sweets on the floor...

Beverly SHRIEKS --

Michael grabs her by the back of the head --

And plunges the Sugar Daddy into her EYE --

Into her brain --

Beverly collapses to the floor, howling in agony, groping blindly for something, anything...

Michael watches, as optical FLUID dribbles down her face...

Michael tears out all of the kitchen drawers, and rummages around for his weapon of choice...

At last, he finds it...

The BUTCHER KNIFE...

Michael hefts it. The blade gleams in the light.

This is a reunion or sorts...

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY

The crew has come to Judith Myers' plot --

CLIFTON
According to this, the Judith Myers' stone should be right --

-- they come to the hole in the ground...

CLIFTON (CONT.)
-- here.

BLAKE
Oops...

TONY
Look, Ma, no gravestone -- !

But then George Hopkins is bustling over to them... Waving his flashlight. His revolver tucked into his pants...

HOPKINS
Why can't you have some goddamn respect for the dead! This is not a zoo. Bad enough, that --

He stops. He sees the missing stone...

HOPKINS (CONT.)
You folks do this?

CLIFTON
Of course not --

HOPKINS
We haven't had a desecration in years... Got-damn it!

DANA
It's Judith Myers' stone -

HOPKINS
Of course... It's a popular one around these parts. Shit me sideways...

CLIFTON
Maybe you should call the Sheriff --

HOPKINS
Thanks for your expert opinion, Mr. Haircut. I know my job... Now, you folks be on your way --

CLIFTON
Perhaps we could just get a few shots?

HOPKINS
Wrongo. Am I not speaking clearly? Or are your ears too clogged with ego?

BLAKE
(to Tony)
I love these old crusty codger types --

Hopkins whirls on him --

HOPKINS
Love us from somewhere else. Now, move -- !

And Hopkins waves his revolver...

CLIFTON
Okay, okay. Relax, friend --

HOPKINS
Move -- !

BLAKE
I don't think we bothered anyone, pal. Everyone seems pretty content around here. I didn't hear anyone bitching, did you, Tony?

DANA
Drop it, Blake. Come on --

The go to the van... Hopkins watching them...

He looks down at the empty Judith Myers plot... Cursing...

AT THE VAN

The crew stow their gear...

BLAKE
Miserable old guy, huh?

TONY
Can you blame him? Look where he lives? You have the gang over for a backyard barbecue. And everyone gets depressed --

INT. CARETAKER'S HOUSE

Hopkins comes back into his house...

He steps over the capsized candy bowl... Concerned, he calls out:

HOPKINS
Bev -- ?

Hopkins walks into the KITCHEN

Hopkins sees his wife splayed about the linoleum, her face smeared with eye goo --

HOPKINS (CONT.)
BEV -- !

AND MICHAEL MYERS LURCHES OUT FROM BEHIND HIM --

Hopkins spins. He draws his piece, firing 3 SHOTS at Myers, who reels from the point-blank impact...

Michael falls to the floor... Motionless...

Hopkins goes to his wife... Frantic...

He turns towards the telephone behind him and --

Collides with Michael --

Back on his feet...

Michael grabs Hopkins by the top of his mouth, by the jaw, and SLAMS him face-first into the counter...

Hopkins spits out a few bloodied teeth...

Michael brings Hopkins over to another part of the counter...

Over to the FOOD PROCESSOR --

Michael STUFFS Hopkins' FACE INTO IT --

And presses "PUREE"

The machine WHIRRS. Hopkins SCREAMS...

For a gory 5 seconds...

The caretaker's face is reduced to an excoriated, shredded pulp...

Hopkins collapses to the floor, beside his wife...

Michael retrieves his fallen weapon...

And leaves the house...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE

Mickey and Bad News are wheeling in TWO kegs for the Halloween party...

They are dressed like Dracula and The Wolfman...

INT. ATTIC - DOYLE HOUSE - SAME

Tommy is scouring down a page in one of his mythology books, reading aloud to himself...

TOMMY
"There exists sacred, enclosed places designated as holy that become a focus with the supernatural world on the 31st of October - Halloween."

Tommy gazes warily at his Virtual Reality apparatus...

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREET - NIGHT

The van pulls up in front of a house directly across the street from the Doyle house...

Dana does her "stand-upper" before this group of homes, many of which have CANDLES burning in their bay windows out of respect for the dead of Halloween yore...

DANA
...In psychiatric parlance, most serial killers are sociopathic: individuals completely devoid of empathy for their victims. But Michael Myers had always displayed a frighteningly rare hybrid of both sociopathic and psychopathic qualities and characteristics...

NEW ANGLE - SUBJECTIVE. HEAVY BREATHING. WATCHING DANA.

Mickey and Bad News come out of the Doyle house...

The bottom half of the Doyle house is DECORATED for their Halloween party...

DANA (CONT.)
His apparent desire to kill all family members and blood relatives was the key indicator denoting the pure antisocial behavior manifestation that was part of his makeup. Myers continues to be the prototype of everything we still do not know nor understand about serial killers in this country.
(Beat)
Or about Halloween, for that matter.

She draws her index finger across her throat in a "kill it" signal...

CLIFTON
That was great... Okay. Let's get this over with... You coming, Andy - ?

Andy, still in the front seat of the van, is stuffing a hoagie into his cake-hole...

ANDY
You can't be serious --

They leave him. Walking up to

THE WALLACE HOUSE

which also has candles burning in the bay window...

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DOYLE HOUSE - SAME

Tommy is tearing himself out of the Virtual Reality gear, in a frenzy...

When he turns around towards us, we see that he's been CUT across the cheek by something...

On the computer screen, we see that SAMHAIN: IN SEARCH OF... has been programmed into the Virtual Reality system...

CUT TO:

INT. WALLACE HOUSE - NIGHT

FRANK and JUNE WALLACE, in their 60s, have let Dana and the crew in the house...

The Wallaces appear fairly uncomfortable with this...

They sit in the living room...

Clifton fits the Wallaces with collared lav MICROPHONES...

DANA
I promise we'll make it quick, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace. I appreciate you giving us the time. I know this must be a difficult time for both of you.

The Wallaces nod solemnly, holding hands on a couch in front of a big BAY WINDOW...

From the window, we can clearly see the Doyle house across the street... and the KIDS starting to arrive for the bash.

Clifton signals Dana to start...

The lights and camera are turned on...

DANA (CONT.)
Sixteen years ago tonight, 3 Haddonfield teens were killed in this house - your house. The victims wee your daughter's babysitter and her two friends...

The Wallaces' silence is acquiescence...

DANA (CONT.)
Could you tell me why, with all that's happened in the past, and the subsequent exodus of so many Haddonfield natives, you folks opted to stay?

Frank and June eye each other... Silently trying to determine who should speak first...

JUNE
The Lord forgives but he doesn't forget. This is a wonderful town again. Lindsay, our daughter, she's great. Living in New York. She was in therapy for years, but she has put it all behind her.

June grins, proud, warming up to Dana a little...

JUNE (CONT.)
Frank and I... we knew Michael's parents quite well - though they were a trifle older. We still have some old home movies of our picnics together. Would you be interested in seeing them?

Dana looks at Clifton... Hoo-ha! The mother lode.

DANA
If you don't mind --

JUNE
I'll put on some tea...

The doorbell RINGS.

Frank and June appear upset... Frank gets up off the couch...

FRANK
Excuse me a moment, please. So much for the candles --

INT. HALLWAY - WALLACE HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank peers through the PEEPHOLE - no one is there...

He opens the door, steps outside... He glances around, and then eyes the party across the street ....

He steps back into his house.

INT. WALLACE LIVING ROOM

Frank has the old super-8 PROJECTOR up and ready...

Suddenly, the LIGHTS GO OUT --

Dana is startled. But it's only Frank having turned them off...

FRANK
Showtime --

He turns on the projector.

On the living room wall, an old, grainy HOME MOVIE plays out...

ANGLE - MOVIE. Frank and June sit around a picnic table in a back yard...

Michael's MOTHER sits across from them...

His father, we assume is wielding the movie camera...

They're eating and drinking, and watching the kids play - little Michael and his teenage SISTER, frolicking in a plastic SWIMMING POOL...

Michael is a cute little cherub. He grins at the camera, splashing at it...

He is holding a plastic TOY SCEPTER, of sorts, and starts to playfully hammer at his sister's head with it...

Daddy's arm comes into view, and puts a stop to his son's foolish play...

Moving away from the children, the camera TRAVELS OVER TO A CLOSE-UP of Mrs. Myers, who smiles into the camera...

NEW ANGLE - Dana watches the home movie, squinting at it...

The woman looks awfully familiar...

Another WOMAN is here now... Her back to us... She's perhaps 55... She plays with Michael... Plops a hat on his head to protect him from the sun...

CLIFTON
Who's the woman -- ?

JUNE
Kathy Myers' mother... Michael and Judith's grandmother...

And the WOMAN turns to the CAMERA... Smiles...

And Dana goes weak...

For the WOMAN has, on the side of her nose...

A MOLE

about the size of a nickel...

Just like Dana's GRAMMY -- !

Dana gets to her feet... Stumbles out of the room... Frank Wallaces shouts:

FRANK
First door on the left -- !

Clifton looks after her, concerned. He turns back to the home movie --

-- to where a new VISITOR - FATHER CARPENTER - grins at us, in his Sunday best...

Walking over to little Michael, Father Carpenter rubs his head, and facing into the camera says:

FATHER CARPENTER
(on-screen)
Cute as a devil, isn't he -- ?

INT. BATHROOM

Dana. Completely freaked. She splashes water onto her face.

Looks at herself in the mirror. Grips the sides of the sink to keep from fainting...

DANA
No way. No fucking way...

The DOORBELL RINGS --

Making her (us) jump...

INT. LIVING ROOM

It RINGS 3 successive time...

Frank goes up to answer it...

He peers through the peephole.

Michael's MASK peers right back at him...

Shaking his head, Frank opens the door a crack...

We see that Michael Myers is standing on his doorstep... An inordinately tall trick-or-treater minus the candy bag...

FRANK
Those candles mean anything to you, buster? Please leave us alone, we've got nothing here for you. 'Night now.

Michael hasn't moved and, as Frank tries to shut the door --

-- Michael JAMS HIS HAND between the door and the doorway. Crushing it and drawing blood...

Startled, Frank re-slams the door, this time successfully...

But the blood on the side of the door makes him shudder...

Peering back out the peephole, he/we see that Michael is still there...

Michael smudges his bloodied hand across the peephole, blurring it...

And then walks away...

INT. LIVING ROOM

The home movie is over, but not without little Michael waving goodbye to the camera...

Frank returns to the others... Turns on the lights..

JUNE
What's going on, Frank?

Frank doesn't look so sure, clearly unsettled...

FRANK
Disrespectful creep, that's all. There's always someone. Probably one of the assholes from across the street.

JUNE
Relax, honey. We'll just call the police, if we have to. Those kids over there - they're always so LOUD. I don't know how Thomas can stand it.

FRANK
They're paying his rent, that's how.
(to Clifton)
The fellow across the street - he's 25 yet still very much a boy. He's sure got his share of Halloween ghosts.

DANA (O.S.)
Tommy Doyle --

They others look up... Dana has returned... She looks composed, though slightly pale...

FRANK
That's right. If you look out this window here, you can see his little attic --

Clifton turns in his seat to face out the bay window, and Michael Myers' MASK greets him --

Clifton stifles a SCREAM.

But they see that it was just another KID playing a joke...

They see the kid scamper ahead to join his friends, who congratulate him on a trick well-treated...

JUNE
Jerks.

BLAKE
Forget about banning Halloween... They should just ban kids, period --

CLIFTON
You okay, Dana?

It is clear that she is not...

Her vacant gaze remains trained out the window...

To the attic of the Doyle house...

DANA
I'd like to talk to Tommy Doyle --

FRANK
He won't talk to you. He's very shy...

DANA
(to Clifton)
I'd like to talk to him...

He looks at her funny... It's like she's in a zone... Determined... Clifton shrugs to Blake and Tony...

CLIFTON
You heard the lady --

EXT. WALLACE HOUSE

The crew travels across the street --

Andy dozes in the front seat of the van...

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE

They can hear the sounds from the nascent party raging on inside...

Clifton rings the doorbell...

PINHEAD, from the HELLRAISER pictures answers. He stares at them, droll:

PINHEAD
"Your suffering will be legendary. Even in Hell... "

Pinhead raises a long, glass, calibrated beaker full of beer... He sees the camera equipment...

PINHEAD (CONT.)
NO WAY! "CANDID CAMERA!" Come in, come in... Party hasn't really started yet, but it'll rage...

DANA
We're looking for a Thomas Doyle. Is he around?

PINHEAD laughs, ushering them in...

PINHEAD
What the hell do you want with Trembling Tommy -- ?

DANA
Is he in?

PINHEAD
Is he in? He's always in... Yo, Mickey, this fine thing wants to see Double-T...

Mickey lurches over to the crew... Belches once...

MICKEY
Whyncha interview me? Seventeen forever -- !

DANA
Please --

MICKEY
C'mon, girl... I can tell you about the time I got backstage passes to a Van Halen show... Partied with Eddie and Alex... Hagar was a dick, though... Oh, can I say "dick" on TV...

Clifton grabs Mickey by the arm... Rough...

CLIFTON
Where's Doyle -- ?

MICKEY
Chill, bro... You'll muss your Brylcream. He's up there --

They follow Mickey to Tommy's

ATTIC ENTRANCE...

They come to a short stairwell, leading up to a heavy STEEL door...

Mickey bangs on it with his fist...

MICKEY
Hey, you in? They want to put you on TV, Doyle! It's a new show: "AMERICA'S MOST NERVOUS!"

He cracks up... Continues to bang on the heavy steel door...

No answer...

INT. ATTIC - TOMMY'S ROOM

Tommy is in Virtual Reality mode again, but the computer screen informs us that he is using his

VISTA-HADDONFIELD PROGRAM...

CRUISING OVER the Haddonfield TOPOGRAPHY --

He finds himself HURLING TOWARDS the town CEMETERY, by the caretaker's HOUSE...

George Hopkins' facial jambalaya SCREECHES at us --

And then we're ROCKETING OVER to the Myers house --

And then the Wallace house...

And then we're DOWNSTAIRS in the Doyle house, amidst the party...

And then out the door...

Tommy tears off his VR equipment and dashes over to his window...

In time to see the TV CREW emerge from his house...

Clifton shouts up to the front of the van...

CLIFTON
Okay, Andy... Back to the Myers place.

And they all pile INTO THE BACK...

And the van DRIVES OFF...

Tommy watches it drive off down the street...

He freezes as he/we see --

-- on one SIDE OF THE VAN --

The Channel 6 paint has a new addition -

In SMEARED BLOOD, TWO more NUMERALS have been scrawled..

So now it reads CHANNEL 666...

ANGLE - THE SHRUBS - OUTSIDE THE WALLACE HOME

Half-buried in the mulch, his throat SLIT, is ANDY, the van driver...

Which, of course, begs the question:

Who's driving the van?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE VAN - MOVING

We see it RACING DOWN THE STREET... Though we don't catch a glimpse of its driver...

INT.. CHANNEL 6 VAN - REAR - NIGHT

The crew ride in back... They are jerked at the rapid acceleration... Clifton pounds on the partition...

CLIFTON
(shouts)
Easy, Andy -- !

Dana stares blankly at the wall...

CLIFTON (CONT.)
You okay?

DANA
I guess...

CLIFTON
Something spooked you back at the Wallaces.

Dana looks at him. Shrugs...

DANA
It was nothing. Just this place. This town. All of a sudden, I have a strong desire to do one more story on Uncle Pete's Nonfat Brownies...

The van has STOPPED...

CLIFTON
We're all getting a little jazzed. We'll do a few quick pick-ups here at the Myers place... A couple of drive-bys... Then we're gone. I'm buying at the diner...

BLAKE
Excellent --

Fog lathers up against the van's rear port windows...

Clifton opens the backdoor. They climb out...

Only they are not in front of the Myers house. No. Rather, they are in the middle of

A BOG

A fog-enshrouded, muddy BOG, surrounded by trees...

In the middle of nowhere...

The spongy ground emits an acrid stench...

Twisted flora - sedges and sphagnum - droop in the mossy mist

CLIFTON
What the hell -- ?

BLAKE
Yo, Andy, we said let's go back to "the Myers" not the <u>mire</u> -- !

No answer...

Clifton trudges through the muck over to the driver's side...

THWOORP! The bog sucks off one of his Cole-Haan shoes...

CLIFTON
Goddammit -- !

Clifton opens the driver's side door --

The frontseat is EMPTY...

Clifton looks around the creepy bog...

No Andy...

CLIFTON (CONT.)
He's gone.

TONY
Gone where?

BLAKE
What the fuck is he thinking?

CLIFTON
At least he left the keys --

Dana's face tells us she's scared...

DANA
ANDY? ANDY? Where ARE we -- ?

CLIFTON
Get inside, Dana. It's nasty out here. Go ahead.

DANA
I'm fine --

CLIFTON
(shouted)
ANDY -- !

TONY
(shouted)
ANDY, YOU - PRICK! Where are YOU? This shit ain't funny -- !

BLAKE
(shouted)
Was it something we said -- ?

Only the gurgle of the bottoms and the dull, mud-muted chirping of the CRICKETS answer them back...

TONY
Maybe he's pissin' over there somewhere...

BLAKE
He took us all the way out here so he could use the bathroom?

TONY
Maybe he's shy --

CLIFTON
Why don't you guys take a quick look around. I'll wait here with Dana. I don't know what else to say. He's gonzo.

They look around, in different directions... It is eerie...

TONY
He can't be too far. Dumb ass.

BLAKE
I'll take the camera. Get us some atmosphere shots...

TONY
We sure got plenty of atmosphere here.

Dana looks to Clifton, but he is still scanning the foggy bog for signs of Andy...

Blake turns the camera on... Focuses in on the rest of the crew... Tony plays for the camera --

TONY (More)
Mr. Brinkman, your fat son-in-law is a bigger asshole than you might've first imagined. <u>This</u> is his idea of fun --

Blake pans away from them, across the bog...

DANA
Guys, just go already.

CLIFTON
Yeah, move it, guys. I don't want to be here all fuckin' night.

Tony and Blake plod through the mud together...

Blake shoots tape...

Clifton lights a cigarette... They can hear the muddy steps of Tony and Blake disappearing into the murk...

Clifton sits on the edge of the van, in front of Dana...

DANA
Where do you think he is, Robert?

CLIFTON
I don't know. But when he gets back, I'll tell you where he's gonna be: he's gonna be in a world of shit. Trust me on that --

Clifton exhales into the bog...

Dana scans the sinister treelines...

CUT TO:

EXT. BOG - SAME

Tony and Blake plod ahead...

Knee-deep in the quagmire...

BLAKE
ANDY -- ! ANDY -- !

TONY
ANDY! DICKHEAD! WE'RE LEAVING WITHOUT YOU!

BLAKE
He ain't anywhere, man.

They both stop in their muddy tracks, resigned...

TONY
What's the difference between a bog and a swamp, anyway -- ?

BLAKE
I think the more important question is: who gives a shit -- ?

TONY
No, really, man. You gotta start questioning things more often. To improve yourself --

A NOISE from behind them... A squishing noise...

BLAKE
Okay. Here's a question: what the fuck was that -- ?

Tony slogs through the slough, towards the sounds --

TONY
Andy -- ?

He moves ahead...

The occluded moonlight turns the cypress knees and water hyacinths into some twisted Expressionistic painting...

BLAKE
Careful, man --

Another sludgy sounds...

A black CLOUD, like a rush of INK, floats across the moon...

Plunging the bog into DARKNESS...

And, in its place, A SHADOW rises before Tony...

A large shadow...

TONY
Andy -- ?

INT. VAN

Clifton glances at his wristwatch, his impatience growing...

He lights another smoke...

CLIFTON
I think it went well today, Dana. No kidding. I mean, this insane little mishap aside --

Nothing from Dana... Clifton looks at her...

CLIFTON (CONT.)
I think you've got the whole package. You're smart. You're a hell of an interviewer. You're sure pretty enough --

DANA
Thank-you, Robert --

Beat. They hold a gaze. Dana looks like she wants to tell him something...

But before she can, he flicks his cigarette butt to the bog, where it THSSSTTTTs in the muck...

And he heads for the driver's side...

CLIFTON
All right, I'm gonna drive around and look for these guys; it's been, what, 20 minutes already? Hop in...

Dana climbs into the passenger seat...

Clifton starts up the van...

Puts it into gear...

THE VAN

cruises the bog... Tires squishing along the matted root systems and fetid moss...

The van's headlights slice through the stygian gloom --

DANA
Look! What's that -- ?

She points out the windshield --

Clifton stops the van... Gets out... Trudges over...

But he doesn't see anything. He throws his arms up in confusion...

And then he sees it --

Blake's CAMERA...

It's lodged in the mud. Sinking... It's red RECORDING LIGHT blinking like a beacon...

Clifton goes to retrieve it. The camera's housing is flecked with blood and mud...

Clifton uproots it and glances around... This is getting real eerie now... He hasn't a clue...

INT. REAR OF THE VAN

Clifton, silent, removes the TAPE from the camera...

Dana is trembling...

Still silent, Clifton inserts the tape into the monitor...

We watch their faces as Clifton rewinds, stops, and then forwards a bit...

ANGLE - THE MONITOR. We see Tony...

Heading for the copse. For that noise... Where we last saw him...

The camera/Blake follows Tony --

And then Tony comes staggering back to the camera/us...

His THROAT has been SLASHED from ear to ear --

He tries to scream. But instead of a cry... a ghoulash of laryngeal cartilage cascades through his ripped-open neck --

Tony collapses into the mud...

The CAMERA falls... Blurred and mud-spattered, it lands in such a way that allows us to witness...

BLAKE

as he tries to flee...

But something reaches out for him... Something in the mud... Something bubbling. Bubbling up...

And two large MUDDY BOOTS obfuscate the massacre...

Though when all is done, Blake, eyes open and unseeing, falls by the camera's lens...

And we watch as he sinks. Sinks into the ooze...

Dana and Clifton are insane with fear...

CLIFTON
Stay here, Dana... Just stay fuckin' here --

He moves for the door... Dana grabs him...

DANA
No -- ! Don't go --

CLIFTON
We can't stay here... We've got to move...

Clifton peers out the rear port windows, seeing if the coast is clear...

It is, and he barrels out of the van...

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Clifton slogs through the mud to get into the front of the van...

INT. BACK OF THE VAN

Dana's delirious...

The van starts up...

But it is STUCK... Its tires spinning in the mire...

And it is suddenly awfully claustrophobic back here...

And there, through the PORT WINDOW, she sees --

MICHAEL MYERS

The demon of her nightmares. He's outside the van, his mask penetrating through the fog...

Myers wields a THICK BRANCH...

Which he lodges through the van's rear door handles...

Trapping Dana...

DANA
ROBERT -- ! ROBERT -- !

Michael moves for the driver's side of the van...

Disappearing from Dana's field of vision...

Dana sees him advance towards the driver's side of the van, toward Clifton...

Dana bangs her fists up against the partition separating the front seats from the back...

She is helpless...

EXT. VAN

Clifton is behind the wheel, working the accelerator...

Myers PUNCHES an ARM through the driver's window --

Clawing for Clifton's throat --

ANGLE - the rear tires. Spinning in the mud.

CLIFTON

punches at Myers...

But Myers' grip is fierce...

INT. REAR OF THE VAN

Dana is wild with fear...

She can only HEAR Clifton's struggles...

Can hear his screams...

Can feel the tires not gaining purchase...

The van is rocking, shaking, due to Michael's assault...

At last, Dana THRUSTS her arm through the port window, busting it...

She tries to pry the branch loose from the door handles...

JUST AS THE VAN STARTS TO FINALLY MOVE OUT OF THE BOG!

Dana is thrown to the floor --

Dana's eyes flash to the partition --

Because now the question is a simple one:

Who's driving the van?

EXT. THE VAN

Drives on out of the bog...

Onto the highway...

On and away...

ANGLE - THE REAR DOOR

Dana sticks her head out of the back window, screaming --

A couple of residual Michael-masked TRICK-OR-TREATERS wave at her... And one even flashes her the finger...

Suddenly, the van GROUNDS TO A HALT, throwing Dana across the van, into some video equipment...

Dana holds her breath...

She picks up a TRIPOD, readying to clobber...

The rear doors open.

To Robert Clifton...

CLIFTON
You okay -- ?

Dana explodes into his arms...

And it doesn't look she's gonna let go soon...

INT. VAN - MOVING

Clifton drives... Dana beside him...

DANA
And in some way I think that's why I've been having the dreams... Because we're linked... Because... Because that freak is my older brother...

CLIFTON
That's absurd, Dana... It's crazy --

DANA
No it's not... Those home movies... His parents... I have some old pictures of my real parents... They're close... And Grammy... That's my Grammy...

Tears stand in her eyes... Clifton gives her a sympathetic look...

DANA
I think - subconsciously - I knew...
It's what first attracted me to the
story... I knew...

CLIFTON
Maybe you should call your Grammy...
Maybe she could answer some
questions...

He hands her the van's CELLULAR...

Dana considers.

CLIFTON (CONT.)
Go ahead --

She dials...

CUT TO:

INT. GRAMMY'S APARTMENT

The TELEPHONE rings...

We FLOAT across the cramped flat... Taking in the knick-knacks... The trinkets...

The TV is on. To a Christian Fundamentalist station... A DUDE with a bad hair-weave hawking Jesus...

WE STOP at Grammy...

Only Grammy's eyes are open... And glazed...

Grammy's dead...

ANGLE - The bronze soldier FIGURINE...

Standing tough.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 6 VAN - MOVING

Dana clicks off the cellular...

DANA
Where could she be at this time of
night

CLIFTON
Sleeping -- ?

Dana scowls...

AND CLIFTON SLAMS ON THE BRAKES --

The van fishtailing... Dana thrown up against the windshield.

The van shimmying to a stop... Inches from

FATHER CARPENTER

who has staggered out into the middle of the road...

Dana and Clifton climb from the van...

CLIFTON
Sonuvabitch! I could have killed you...

FATHER CARPENTER
My whole existence is flawed --

CLIFTON
He's shitfaced --

FATHER CARPENTER
I'm trapped... The insects have won tonight... The denizens of the dirt... The intruders in the deluge...
(to Dana)
Darling girl... Big brother is watching.

DANA
What do you know about it -- ?

FATHER CARPENTER
(sings)
Twelve to one, baby/One to twelve/No one here should/Be by themselves...

DANA
Please... Tell us what you know...

But the priest merely cackles in bibulous mirth... Then:

FATHER CARPENTER
Oh, dear --

And ROBERT CLIFTON IS AIRBORNE -- !

Grabbed from behind...

By Michael Myers...

Standing behind Clifton...

He has Clifton by the throat...

Lifting him into the air...

Dana and the priest can only watch...

As the KITCHEN KNIFE BURSTS from Clifton's stomach...

Scattering entrails like a cornucopia --

FATHER CARPENTER
BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING -- !

Michael drops Clifton... Faces Dana... She is white with terror... Frozen...

He moves for her... She backs up...

FATHER CARPENTER (CONT.)
Try to reason with him... Surely he'll respond to reason...

Father Carpenter continues his mad cackle...

FATHER CARPENTER (CONT.)
After all... You're family...

Michael, stalking Dana, STEPS on Carpenter's right hand...

Crushing it like a beetle...

Carpenter does not scream. Carpenter looks enthralled...

AND DANA RUNS -- !

Off the road...

Into yet another stand of trees...

And Michael FOLLOWS...

Father Carpenter, mad as a weaver, titters on, by Robert Clifton's corpse...

And, as he gets to his feet, we note:

His FOOTWEAR... For the crazed priest is wearing BOOTS.

Black silver-tipped COWBOY BOOTS...

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREETS

Dana flees... Michael in close pursuit...

Michael crashes through the brush...

Labored breathing. Steady stalk...

DOGS bark...

Dana runs through backyards...

Branches whip at her face... Lashing skin...

She comes out to a

RESIDENTIAL STREET

To where a GROUP OF COSTUMED TEENS

are piling into a VW MICROBUS...

Dana runs to them --

DANA
Please -- ! Take me with you -- !
Please -- ! Move -- !

She leaps into the back of the van... Slams the sliding door shut...

KID
Easy, lady --

ANOTHER KID
Really. Lithium-out, babe --

But they drive off anyways...

INT. MICROBUS

Dana sits in the back with the kids, staring out the rear window... Sure they're not being followed...

A joint is being passed...

KID
(to Dana)
Wanna a brew -- ?

DANA
No thanks --

ANOTHER KID
I like your costume --

KID
Really. You're supposed to be a freaked-out Yuppie chick, right?

The kids giggle. Dana takes that brew after all...

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE

The van pulls up to the house...

The Halloween party is rocking...

Danzig is singing "Mother" on the stereo...

A drinking game is going on around the small table...

JELLO SHOTS are ingested...

COSTUMED KIDS - there's BILL and HILARY CLINTON. CAPTAIN KIRK. A few PIRATES, a few CONEHEADS. SATAN. Some girls clad in those skintight MICE outfits...

And, of course, Michael Myers MASKS can be seen throughout...

Dana enters. From her dizzying P.O.V., she takes in the scene... It's almost hallucinatory...

Some KIDS do BEER BONGS: plastic FUNNELS attached to tubes, that are raised above the drinker's head. Beer is poured into the funnel where it travels down the tube to the drinker's mouth...

Dana shuffles ahead...

A few people are bobbing for APPLES in 3 separate BASINS...

WE SEE DANA... FROM A MYERS-ESQUE P.O.V. And hear some HEAVY BREATHING...

But a NEW ANGLE REVEALS - it's just a gawky Myers-masked KID... And he's inhaling a JOINT...

On the television, Leatherface is running amuck in "THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE... "

NEW ANGLE - Dana, still watching it all, a visual assault on the senses...

She sees, propped up high against one wall --

THE HEADSTONE

Judith Myers' headstone...

This creeps Dana out further...

She goes to the attic stairs...

Mickey and Bad News watch her go...

MICKEY
Believe that shit? That chick's got it goin' on for Trembling Tommy --

Dana goes to the attic entrance...

She knocks on the steel door.

This time, it opens.

To Tommy Doyle...

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - THE PARTY

Various masked P.O.V.s. Just kids...

Except SOMEONE has entered from the backdoor...

Another Michael Myers-masked man...

Only this one has a BREATHING PATTERN that is somehow familiar.

INT. BEDROOM

Two COUPLES sit around a small table, drinking and playing Strip Poker with MARKED SERIAL KILLER cards...

One GIRL is TOPLESS, and not shy about it... Another has her bra on... One of the guys is shirtless...

We watch another KID thrown down his hand in glee.... We see his cards - TED BUNDY, ALBERT FISH, JEFFREY DAHMER, MICHAEL MYERS and RICHARD RAMIREZ -- !

KID
Got it - Full death house. Bundy, Fish, Dahmer, Myers and Ramirez! Nancy, that would be your bra, please!

LISA, the other girl, picks up the Albert Fish card, reading the back of it...

KID
The stats, Lise... Rotisserie us to death.

LISA
Necrophile, cannibal, murderer... Cut off a girl's head, dismembered her, and stewed her flesh and organs with onions and carrots for a hearty meal...

They all groan in giddy disgust...

KID
Sounds like a better cook than you.

ANOTHER KID
Real nineties guy. Did he sew, too?

SOMEONE PASSES BY THE DOOR...

They look up...

Michael Myers...

He looks in at them... Beat...

He walks on...

The kids look at each other... Look to the serial killer card... The one of Michael...

KID
Cool --

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC

Dana is awed, if not further disturbed, by the insane shrine to Michael Myers that is Tommy's attic loft...

TOMMY
The Boogeyman? I was 9 years-old when I knew he was after me. I warned you about him at the Town Hall. No one listens to me - they just die.

Tommy points to a picture on his wall...

TOMMY (More)
Laurie Strode. She saved my life 16 years ago. You might say I haven't gotten over it yet. Laurie was beautiful, but she didn't believe me, either. About the Boogeyman. But I knew. Kids always know. It's when you grow-up, put childish things to rest - that you stop believing... Laurie... she had bad dreams about him up until she died. I owe my life to her. But yours will have to do.

Silence... We can hear the music down below...

Tommy walks over to the VR apparatus...

Dana sees the FIGURINE of the soldier - that Loomis gave to Tommy...

DANA
That - statue there. My grandmother has the same one.
(Beat)
She raised me. I-I think she once lived in Haddonfield... I think she was her grandmother too --

Dana points to the picture of Laurie Strode...

DANA (CONT.)
And hers...

She points to a picture of Judith Myers...

DANA (CONT.)
And his --

She points to a picture of Michael Myers...

DANA (CONT.)
One big happy family --

Tommy's eyes dance with terror, as he realizes what she is inferring...

TOMMY
Are you sure -- ?

DANA
Yeah... It makes sense doesn't it?
Him coming back after five years...

TOMMY
It's insane --

DANA
The key is, I think, not to ban
Halloween... Just to ban Michael
Myers' relatives...

TOMMY
It's fucking insane --

DANA (CONT.)
It's me he's after, isn't it?

Dana grants herself another look-see at the endless Myers images scattered about the walls...

TOMMY
It's just totally fucking insane --

Tommy looks at Dana... Looks at the picture of Laurie Strode. Judith Myers. Is there a resemblance... ?

TOMMY
My God... You have... You've led him
back here...

DANA
But what does he want?

TOMMY
Your blood. Every last drop of it.

CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - THE PARTY

Tommy's VOICEOVER takes us through the party...

TOMMY (O.S.)
Dana, on Halloween - barriers are broken. The boundaries of Nature are temporarily suspended.
(Beat)
The dead - spirits - can walk the earth living. I've, uh, seen some of them...

Michael Myers-masked revelers are shooting darts... Doing the beer bong thing... Drinking games...

Michael himself makes his way through the party...

He comes upon the HEADSTONE. Judith Myers' headstone...

He's less than pleased...

Another GIRL bumps into Michael Myers. Only it's not Myers. It's one more drunken kid...

INT. ATTIC - SAME

Tommy rubs a finger across his bandaged cheek...

He shows Dana the Samhain disk...

TOMMY
This is sort of like a high-tech Ouija board... A conduit... It can take you places... Places people aren't supposed to go... It can take you to where your broth--
(beat)
To where <u>he</u> came from --

Dana glances at all the masked Myers visages along the walls.

TOMMY (CONT.)
The death of summer. It's a celebration. A festival. A thousand years ago. A time of slaughter, mourning, and breeding. Sorta like Haddonfield, on any given Halloween night. I've tried to get there, Dana. To join the party. To see what I could learn. But I can't break through --

Dana glares at the VR apparatus, advancing slowly towards it...

DANA
Put in the program, Tommy.

TOMMY
No, Dana, I can't let you --

DANA
Do it, Tommy --

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS PARTY

A PHONE rests on a coffee table...

Michael slashes the CORD, per genre tradition...

Michael climbs the attic stairs... Slowly...

A PIRATE slaps him on the back... Notices the real-life knife Michael's wielding...

PIRATE (More)
Hey, lose the knife, buddy. You'll kill someone with that fuckin' thing.

Michael glares at him, lumbers on...

His tracks are a tad muddy/bloody...

He tries the attic door. It is locked...

INT. ATTIC - SAME

Dana is strapped into the VR gear...

TOMMY
Dana, it's dangerous. PLEASE!

Dana turns to him, her hands on the JOY STICK...

DANA
Excuse me, Tommy. But this is a family affair --

Tommy, reluctant, goes on-line. Plugs her in...

Dana rides the Joy Stick like a pony --

Plunging immediately down into...

INT. VIRTUAL REALITY OTHERWORLD/NETHERWORLD

Dana floats through an eerie, purple darkness at a frightening, dizzying speed --

We have arrived at a MASSIVE CITYSCAPE... Like Manhattan viewed from Brooklyn... Only upon closer inspection do we realize the buildings are, in fact, HEADSTONES...

SCREAMS AND LAUGHTER accompany our sojourn --

Judith Myers' voice howls: "MICHAEL? MICHAEEEL -- !!"

SUDDENLY, we CRASH into JUDITH MYERS' headstone, obliterating it into hundreds of pieces...

And DESCEND further into...

THE OTHERWORLD...

We arrive in a SCARLET NETHERWORLD - consisting of a forest of ugly dead TREES, their naked, bleeding BRANCHES impaled through skeletal MASKS...

A CHOIR of Jack O'Lanterns smile gaily... Candles burning in their hollows... Though when we OPEN their CROWNS we find them to be SEETHING with MAGGOTS...

Down into the teeming white mass we TRAVEL --

COMING OUT TO A BANQUET HALL. Sepulchral. Ornamental.

A few long TABLES are set up, adorned with upturned, hollowed-out skulls full of beverage... Platters of ANIMAL CARCASSES...

FIGURINES...

We shoot past ALTARS festooned with BODY PARTS, MACES, SCEPTERS, and ENTRAILS...

This is some kind of pagan village... A Druidic settlement...

IN A THATCHED DOMECILE --

TWO MEN ARGUE... One is a HANDSOME MAN wearing a WHITE ROBE...

The other man is older. A MINISTER...

KING
But I do not want to die --

MINISTER

You must. You are a Sacral King...
You had a year during which all your
earthly pleasures were indulged...
Now you must be sacrified to placate
the Gods of Harvest...

The King bows his head...

A CEREMONY

is underway...

The King is now in a white-robe... His face obscured by a whole-head DEER MASK...

(this is identical to Tommy's first VR trip... The one in which he couldn't get past a certain point...)

The white-robed MAN is led to an ALTAR, festooned with body parts...

ACOLYTES and WORSHIPPERS speak in tongues... Sway in a fervor...

The HIGH PRIEST raises the sacrificial KNIFE...

BLOOD sprays from the slashed THROAT of the KING...

Spraying onto the acolytes... Onto the soil...

A CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT...

DANA WATCHES ALL OF THIS --

Entranced...

CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE ATTIC

Tommy watches Dana, strapped to the VR equipment...

Dana's face twitches in fear at what she's tapped into --

CUT BACK TO:

INT. VIRUTAL REALITY - NETHERWORLD

And we are BACK TO THE VILLAGE...

The High Priest removes the DEER MASK from the King's head...

GASPS from the throng...

For it is not the Handsome King at all...

Rather, it is the Minister...

His mouth gagged so could not cry out...

THUNDER RUMBLES.

LIGHTNING STRIKES THE VILLAGE.

THE GODS ARE ANGRY.

THE HIGH PRIEST SCREAMS -- !

He slams his fists onto a table... rattling the

FIGURINES

upon it. TWO of the figurines roll off the table and onto the dirt: bronze SOLDIERS wielding spears.

The wind blows... The figurines are covered with dirt...

The High Priest BELLOWS:

HIGH PRIEST
I will curse this man's bloodline... His family will feel the wrath of the God's of Harvest. And it will be at the hand of one of their own that they shall fall...

The village is falling...

CUT TO:

THE SACRAL KING

running through a forest... Terrified...

The High Priest's VOICEOVER is EVERYWHERE --

HIGH PRIEST (O.S.)
No matter how long it takes... The passage of millenia is as nothing to the machinations of heaven. The Gods are hungry. But the Gods are also patient... !

The Sacral King flees...

Running past DANA --

EXT. THE VILLAGE

In flames. The dead and dying clog the streets...

The High Priest is at his CAULDRON... He is bloody, dying...

But he must finish his curse...

At once, a VAPOROUS MASS - malevolent, hissing - bubbles over the side of the cauldron...

Snaking its way into a FISSURE in the ground...

The High Priest reels backwards... Into the flames...

As the village is lost. Armageddon is here.

WE MOVE TO THE NIGHT SKY --

The STARS ALIGNED IN A PERFECT DIAGONAL --

HIGH PRIEST (O.S.)
On a night like this, when the stars align again...

WE DISSOLVE FROM THIS SKY --

TO ANOTHER... THE STAR CONFIGURATION IS THE SAME...

Only there are TV antennae on the horizon...

And an AIRPLANE flies over... Taillights winking...

WE COME DOWN FROM THE SKY...

And find ourselves IN HADDONFIELD. The Haddonfield of 1963.

And YOUNG MICHAEL MYERS IS TRICK-OR-TREATING IN HIS CLOWN SUIT...

Near his home...

He can hear the sounds of his sister and her boyfriend making out inside...

AND THERE'S A FISSURE IN THE GROUND

And the VAPOROUS MASS, dormant for nearly 1000 years, SWIRLS out of the FISSURE...

And into the mouth of Michael's clown mask...

Michael raises his mask...

We see his face... It contorts... Spasms...

The convulsing settles...

Michael slaps the mask back on...

A clock chimes the midnight hour...

As Michael enters the house...

And, vaguely, O.S. we can hear the HIGH PRIEST cackle...

But it are Father Carpenter's words we HEAR:

FATHER CARPENTER (O.S.)
(singing)
"Twelve to one, baby/One to twelve/No one here should/Be by themselves...

Judith Myers SCREAMS...

Young Michael's BLADE rises and falls...

And still Dana watches all...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE - BACKYARD

Michael is in the backyard, staring up at the attic loft... His breathing labored...

A hockey-masked JASON comes onto the deck, with a BEER BONG.

JASON
Hook me, bro --

He sticks the plastic TUBE in the "o" mouth of his goalie mask...

Michael uses the KEG TAP to issue forth the beer...PUMPING the keg at an insane pace...

Jason falls against the back of the house, trying to remove the funnel's tube from his mouth...

But Michael JAMS IT down his throat...

Jason, on his ass now against the house, begins to spasm and bloat from the beer rushing into his system...

He twitches, convulses...

Vomit and blood spew forth from his nose and down his chin...

The kid drowns...

Michael yanks the tap from the keg and hurls it. Just as --

-- the SLIDING GLASS DOOR leading to the deck opens, and DRACULA peers out at the tapless KEG...

DRACULA
Keg's dead already? Shit.

INT. DOYLE ATTIC - DANA'S FACE

slack with horror... So let's return one last time to:

THE VIRTUAL NETHERWORLD

Our IMAGES are surreal, twisted, lunatic. Imagine Hieronymous Bosch, on two hits of acid, directing an AC/DC video...

As RAPID SHOTS/IMAGES, SWIRL AT US, coming in and out of the blackness...

- A grandfather CLOCK ticks the hours between midnight and one...

- JAMIE LLOYD'S SCREAMING FACE... She is imprisoned in a CAGE made of human limbs and bones... RATS the size of kittens skitter about...

- Michael's VICTIMS... Many of whom our cherished fandom will recognize from the earlier films...

  A compendium of some of Michael Myers' "greatest hits."

- Robert Clifton screams from the grave, his torso a leaking avulsion...

- Dana's GRAMMA... Sitting in a rocker, watching TV. Watching "The Wheel" VANNA WHITE reveals the puzzle's letters:

1 2 T O 1 B A B Y...

- Close on Gramma's MOLE. Which is pulsing. Thrombosing... And, to our horror, it SPAWNS a CREATURE... A wet, bat-like thing that flies off and away... Gramma coos...

- The grandfather clock. 12:00 to 1:00, baby...

- FATHER CARPENTER laughing...

- A YOUNG GIRL (JUDITH MYERS) with sunken cheeks, and insects capering out of one vacant eye socket: "Michael! MICHAEL!"

- The HIGH PRIEST in flames... Laughing...

- The Sacral King... Running through the forest... He's being chased by red-eyed WOLVES... They catch up to him... They tear him to pieces...

The MINISTER he killed, watches from the woods... His throat a gaping HOLE from which a DOZEN EYES glow...

DANA WATCHES...

The Minister points to her... And the wolves, jaws slavered with foamy blood, bound her way...

Dana screams...

The wolves pounce...

They are closing in on her...

But, at once, A BRONZE SOLDIER - a lifelike version of the figurine - is there...

His heavy HAND reaches out to her...

She takes it...

AND SUDDENLY, Dana is pulled back from this horror show, returning to the real world, careening through the darkness.

Screams and horrifying laughter accompany her exit...

ONE VOICE (O.S.)
You been dreamin'... sweet thing?

And then BOOM, Dana is back above ground --

Above the shattered remains of Judith Myers' headstone...

The MAW of Judith Myers' gravesite, like some kind of obscene Pandora's Box, emits a cool reek...

... and the WHISPERS of a thousand doomed souls...

CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE ATTIC

Dana is ripping herself out of the VR gear...

DANA
The cemetery! We've got to get to the cemetery -- !

She turns around to Tommy, and comes face to face with MICHAEL MYERS instead... advancing towards her...

Dana freaks... But it is Tommy Doyle, and only her imagination... (cheap thrill #234)

Dana's terrified eyes flash towards the DIGITAL CLOCK resting on Tommy's desk - it reads 12:19... And then at

THE FIGURINE...

DANA
We were cursed... Our family was cursed... Long ago... There was a ceremony... A sacrifice... And one of our ancestors defied the Gods... And this curse was passed into Michael... That night in 1963...

TOMMY
A curse --

DANA
"At the hand of one of their own that they shall fall... "

TOMMY
Why the cemetery?

DANA
Judith Myers' grave... It's a portal... Into the otherworld... We've got to get him back there... And we have to do it between 12:00 and 1:00. On Halloween night...

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - PARTY

A line of GIRLS wait for the second story BATHROOM...

Michael walks past them... Kicking open the door...

He hauls a kissing COUPLE out from the john...

Slams the door behind him...

KID
Fuck YOU, buddy -- !

The kid kicks at the door...

INT. ATTIC

Tommy and Dana are preparing to leave...

DANA
We should take this --

She goes to the figurine...

TOMMY
Why -- ?

DANA
I don't know... I just think we should...

A POUNDING! From beneath them...

INT. BATHROOM - DOYLE HOUSE

Michael Myers is in the bathroom standing on top of the commode, blasting his way through the FLOORBOARDS with his hands...

INT. ATTIC

Tommy stares down at where the crunching sound is coming from, transfixed...

TOMMY
No way --

DANA
Come on, Tommy! Let's go. He'll follow us there! We don't have much time!

They go to the attic door... Tommy makes to open it...

It won't budge...

NEW ANGLE - the other side of the steel door... Michael's KNIFE jammed through the handle, flush against the wall...

Trapping them...

INT. ATTIC

They can hear Michael's assault on the floorboards... He's making progress...

Dana glances at her wristwatch - it's now 12:34...

DANA (More)
How are we going to get OUT of here, Tommy? You live in a fuckin' ATTIC! What were you ever thinking?

TOMMY
I - -I don't know. I guess I was - THINKING that Michael didn't have ANOTHER FUCKING SISTER WHO WOULD LEAD HIM BACK TO TOWN -- !

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

The girls still wait... They can hear the pounding...

GIRL
Glad we didn't eat whatever he did --

INT. ATTIC

Michael's burrowing continues... He is getting there...

Tommy grabs a wooden chair, and starts to bang away at the steel door...

Dana sees that the clock reads 12:31...

She rushes to look out the window, out at the Wallace house... All is dark, save for candles in the window... The street is silent...

Dana picks up the phone - the line is dead...

With a sickening GROAN of wrenched nails and timber, the floorboards of the attic "birth" Michael Myers... who rises up through the hole... To face Dana and Tommy...

Tommy picks up his computer PRINTER, raises it above his head

Michael moves for him...

Tommy brings the printer crashing down onto Myers' cranium...

Michael is unfazed. He reaches out for Dana...

Eluding his grasp, Dana stumbles and

FALLS THROUGH

the hole in the floorboards...

Falling into the bathroom below...

DANA
TOMMY -- !

TOMMY
Go, Dana! Just go -- !

INT. BATHROOM

Decision-time. Dana sees her watch, the crystal cracked... It is 12:43...

She rips open the bathroom door...

The girls are standing there... Waiting...

Dana runs past them... Runs downstairs.

And out the door.

Mickey and Bad News watch her go...

INT. DOYLE ATTIC

Tommy and Myers face each other...

TOMMY
C'mon, you bastard... Now that I see you here - you don't scare me at all...

Myers fakes a lunge at Tommy... Tommy leaps in terror...

TOMMY (CONT.)
Well, maybe just a little --

Michael seems to be amused by this...

He moves for Tommy... When --

O.S. the sounds of a CAR starting up... Revving high and hard.

Michael glances out the window --

It is DANA. And she's in the VW MICROBUS...

And she's driving off...

Michael grabs Tommy and HURLS HIM against the wall...

Tommy crumples like a fast food wrapper...

Michael drops down through the floorboard hole...

We can hear the girl on the toilet SCREAM O.S.

CUT TO:

INT. MICROBUS - MOVING

Dana drives...

"Mr. Sandman" plays softly on the car radio...

It has started to RAIN...

A SPECIAL BULLETIN breaks into the music...

RADIO (O.S.)
... In Haddonfield tonight, three are confirmed dead at this time, and authorities believe there could be mo--

A FLASH of LIGHTNING... A wheeze of static... And, over the radio comes:

VOICE (O.S.)
Big brother is watching, sweet thing --

Dana switches it off...

She drives on...

EXT. CEMETERY

Dana pulls up alongside the cemetery...

It's raining pitchforks now...

A BANGING on the side window...

Leering into her is Father Carpenter...

FATHER CARPENTER
Welcome to your nightmare, Missy...

He sniggers. But then he's gone. Never really there at all.

Dana gets out of the van...

She looks down at her hand...

She's still holding the figurine. In fact, she's been clutching it so tightly, she drew blood...

Dana plods through the sheets of wind-swept rain...

Father Carpenter's VOICE FLOATS across the tombs and mausoleums...

FATHER CARPENTER (O.S.)
See you in the big, bad basement, Missy. Promise me a dance -- ?

Dana runs through the cemetery. Searching...

She looks at her watch. Wipes it dry... But it's too dark to make out the time...

And she sees him...

On the road skirting the cemetery. Out of a streelamp's penumbra:

Michael Myers.

He's retrieved his knife... He marches toward her...

Dana is running blind. The rain. The wind. The panic...

And Michael is behind her...

A FLASH of lightning. And she can see him gaining ground...

And Dana FALLS...

And Michael is upon her...

She crawls on her belly... Through the mud and sopping sod...

And then there it is --

THE PORTAL

that is Judith Myers' grave...

And Dana scrambles for it...

Michael behind her...

Dana glances briefly into the mysterious yawn...

And CLIMBS RIGHT IN -- !

Michael, without hesitation, DIVES IN after her --

Only then realizing his mistake...

For this is no shallow grave...

Michael plummets down, down, down...

Hollow CRIES rise from the portal... Terrifying YOWLS...

Lightning flashes...

Dana, spraddle-legged, CLINGS to one side, right below the portal's LIP...

When she can no longer see Myers, she crawls up and out of the hole...

Resting on the side... Panting, hurting, sobbing...

It is over. She buries her head in hands...

Until --

MICHAEL'S HAND

CLAWS FROM THE PORTAL... Grabbing her leg...

Dana screams...

Dropping the figurine --

Michael is pulling her toward the hole...

Pulling her down...

Down to the Netherworld...

He drags her to the edge of the portal...

Dana scrabbles for the figurine...

It's just out of her reach...

She is close the portal... Michael is too strong... Pulling her down...

His labored BREATHING consumes the TRACK, like an aqualung from Hell...

Pulling her down....

Dana's fingers find purchase on the figurine...

Michael's MASK peers from the rim of the portal...

DANA
Go home, Michael... GO THE FUCK HOME -- !

And SHE PLUNGES THE FIGURINE INTO HIS MASK... INTO HIS EYE...

And, for the first time in our series' storied history, we HEAR Michael EMIT a deafening, agonized HOWL...

As he FALLS INTO OBLIVION...

The portal gobbling him up like a tasty morsel...

A flash of LIGHT from its bowels... A HOWL...

Then silence...

Dana crabs away from the hole... A mess...

HEADLIGHTS come up the cemetery drive...

A red pick-up. Mickey drives. Bad News and Tommy beside him...

Tommy leaps from the truck. Goes to Dana...

TOMMY
Are you okay -- ?

Dana nods... Staring at the portal...

Tommy glances into it... Diffident...

He motions to the kids in the truck...

They back the truck up to the portal...

A MOTOR HUMS...

It is the winch... They are lowering Judith Myers' headstone back onto its rightful place...

Mickey and Bad News, rain-soaked, look terrified...

Lower. Lower. Then, with a deep, resounding SUCKING NOISE, the portal is SEALED...

Dana gets to her feet... She begins to walk away...

TOMMY
Dana -- ?

DANA
Goodbye, Tommy...

TOMMY
Where you going -- ?

She turns to look back at him... Her eyes resolute...

DANA
I've got a story to file --

And with that, she walks through the graveyard...

The rain has stopped...

Tommy looks after her, confused... And then he sees SOMETHING on the ground...

He picks it up.

It is the FIGURINE...

He calls after her, raising the figurine --

TOMMY

Dana -- ?

But she is gone, lost to us amidst the silent tombs and markers...

Tommy shrugs. Perhaps he'll need it again himself...

And Tommy and the two kids climb back into the truck...

And Tommy's face goes slack...

For he sees, on the truck's DASHBOARD...

The CLOCK.

It is 1:14.

And Father Carpenter, sitting on a tombstone nearby, breaks out in a gale of giggles...

His sinister LAUGH FADING OFF...

To be replaced by...

The HALLOWEEN THEME MUSIC...

THE END